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THINGS I CAN TELL

BY

LORD ROSSMORE

LONDON

EVELEIGH NASH

1912

FIFTH IMPRESSION.

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TO
MY FRIEND
MAUDE MARY CHESTER FFOULKES
WHO HAS RENDERED ME INVALUABLE ASSISTANCE
THE PREPARATION OF THESE REMINISCENCES

CHAPTER I

My recollections: A woman's "Don't": "Under the spreading chestnut tree": My birth and parentage: Rossmore and its associations: Lady Hester and the Highwayman: The inevitable banshee: Truth stranger than fiction: "Lady" Anne Douglas Hamilton and her lovely mother: A forgotten romance of the Peerage

I HAVE often been asked to write my recollections but, as I have never done anything important, I am afraid I shall have to content myself with relating some interesting and intimate things about my friends.

I can fancy some people saying, "Oh, I hope he won't mention me," but they can breathe freely, for that kind grandmother the law libel protects them, and, after all, what is the good of revealing *everything* you know?

When I told Mrs. Cornwallis West that

Things I can Tell

intended to take the public into my confidence she exclaimed in mock alarm, "Don't, Derry, don't."

Now a remark like this from some women acts as the best incentive in the world, and that request decided me, for I am not an Irishman for nothing, so I herewith proceed to gossip to my heart's content, and if I stuff the reader with chestnuts, or shock the critic by committing any grievous literary sins such as splitting my infinitives, or whatever they're called, I ask to be forgiven, for I am a better hand at making a bet than writing a book.

I suppose the correct way to start this autobiography is to state where I was born, and who my parents were, so I beg to inform all whom it may interest that I first saw the light in Dublin on February 7th, 1853. My father was Henry, third Baron Rossmore, and my mother was Miss Josephine Lloyd of Farrinrory, Co. Tipperary. The Westenras, who were of Dutch extraction, came over to Ireland in the time of Charles II, and one of our most noticeable traits is an old-established stammer which

Rossmore

appears at intervals in successive generations, and is certainly not a desirable inheritance. My father had it rather badly, and other Westenras must have been afflicted with it too, for it has been observed that quite a number of the old tenant farmers who lived round Rossmore used to have a similar impediment.

Rossmore is considered, I believe, to be one of the beauty spots of Ireland, and, being naturally prejudiced in its favour, I think it is one of the prettiest places in the world. My father knocked down the greater part of the old house which was, in bygone days, called "Mount Maria" and which was the home of the Cairns family. From time to time various alterations have been made and the modern element is now paramount. The park is a perpetual joy to me; I love every inch of it, and although I've often had bad luck on the Turf, I've never yet cut down a single tree to balance my losses. A lady who disliked me, but who adored Rossmore, once remarked when she was discussing the property, "What a pity it is that you are not a 'blending of all beauties'

Things I can Tell

and take after your estate." How's that for a serpent's tongue with an acidulated drop on the end of it?

My publisher tells me that the best authors avoid the obvious in writing, but, as our banshee is most obvious and never avoids us, I think I must defy E. Nash, and relate the story of the first Lord Rossmore and the banshee's warning.

Robert Rossmore was on terms of great friendship with Sir Jonah and Lady Barrington, and once when they met at a Dublin drawing room, Rossmore persuaded the Barringtons to come over the next day to Mount Kennedy, where he was then living. As the invited guests proposed to rise early they retired to bed in good time, and slept soundly until two o'clock in the morning, when Sir Jonah was awakened by a wild and plaintive cry. He lost no time in rousing his wife, and the scared couple got up and opened the window, which looked over the grass plot beneath. It was a moonlight night and the objects around the house were easily discernible, but there was

The Banshee

nothing to be seen in the direction whence the eerie sound proceeded. Now thoroughly frightened, Lady Barrington called her maid, who straightway would not listen or look, and fled in terror to the servants' quarters. The uncanny noise continued for about half an hour, when it suddenly ceased. All at once a weird cry of "Rossmore, Rossmore, Rossmore," was heard, and then all was still.

The Barringtons looked at each other in dismay, and were utterly bewildered as to what the cry could mean. They decided, however, not to mention the incident at Mount Kennedy, and returned to bed in the hope of resuming their broken slumbers. They were not left long undisturbed, for at seven o'clock they were awakened by a loud knocking at the bedroom door, and Sir Jonah's servant, Lawler, entered the room, his face white with terror.

"What's the matter, what's the matter?" asked Sir Jonah, "is anyone dead?" "Oh sir," answered the man, "Lord Rossmore's footman has just gone by in great haste, and he told me that my lord, after coming from the Castle, had

Things I can Tell

gone to bed in perfect health, but that about half past two this morning, his own man hearing a noise in his master's room went to him, and found him in the agonies of death, and before he could alarm the servants his lordship was dead."

Lady Barrington often used to tell this story, and would say solemnly in conclusion, "Lord Rossmore was actually dying at the moment when we heard his name pronounced."

The banshee has been fairly active from time to time since then, and although personally I don't care a straw for the family spectre, it is firmly believed in by the country folk, and it would require a bold "bhoy" to walk after dark past a certain wood which is popularly supposed to be its stronghold. What I cannot disbelieve, however, is the Barrington episode, which is one of the least known but best authenticated of Irish ghost stories.

My father's first wife was "Lady" Anne Douglas Hamilton, the only child of James Duke of Hamilton and a lovely lady who lived with him as his wife. I have always under-

Anne Douglas Hamilton

stood that the lady was an actress when she first met and fascinated the Duke, and she must have been a beautiful creature judging from her picture. She was a most interesting and charming person, and when the Duke died she married Major Scott Waring, whom she long outlived, for her age was well over a hundred when she passed away. My mother, who used to visit her, saw her lying in her coffin, a tiny shrivelled up form, with not a trace of the loveliness which looks down at us to-day from her pictured presentment at Rossmore.

Lady Anne was born at Hamilton Palace, and was always recognised by the Duke's family as the Lady Anne Douglas Hamilton, and she went into society with her aunt, Lady Anne Hamilton. She inherited, from the Duke, a considerable fortune which consisted of part of the Island of Arran, and my father built the present shooting box there. The property was re-sold to the Hamiltons by him in order to buy more land in Ireland, and thus obtain political influence, but it was an ill day when

Things I can Tell

he parted with Arran, for the acquired estates were a poor exchange.

My mother, when very young knew her predecessor well, and has told me that when she first saw her she thought her a very imposing figure indeed. Lady Anne loved her father's family, who claimed her as a near relation, and were much attached to her. She did not like Ireland, and her dying request was that she might not be buried there. Her mother's story is a forgotten romance, but I believe it has always been held that there was a Scotch marriage between her and the Duke of Hamilton.

Family portraits remind me of the tale of how my ancestress Lady Hester Westenra once had a great ride with a highwayman. She must have been a fearless woman judging from her picture, one of those ladies who like their own way, and always get it too. Anyhow she was plucky, and a rare good sportswoman if all accounts of her are true.

Lady Hester was a daughter of the Earl of Cavan, and a regular Irish Di Vernon; she

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Mrs. Waring.

Lady Hester Westenra

had her own pack of foxhounds in Queen's County where the old Westenra estates were situated, and her hunting exploits were the talk of the countryside.

Now another equally well-known character in the neighbourhood was Freyney, the famous highwayman, as handsome a dare-devil as ever lived by breaking the eighth commandment. One fine morning Freyney found that his finances were at a pretty low ebb, and he had to face the hateful fact that want of cash is about the worst evil which can befall a man. Of course as Freyney's method of taxation had always been slightly drastic, the ratepayers had naturally begun to jib, and resorted to all kinds of subterfuges to circumvent him, and he was sick to death of holding up prosperous looking individuals only to discover that they apparently made long journeys with very little money in their pockets.

Well, on this fine morning both Lady Hester Westenra and Freyney were as two minds with a single thought, which was a-hunting we will go, but they meant it differ-

Things I can Tell

ently. Lady Hester donned the scarlet habit she always affected; Freyney tightened in three inches of his belt, and tried to forget that breakfast had ever existed, and both, mounted on the "best in the world," met face to face by the covert side where the hounds had just found and were giving tongue.

I can quite imagine Hester looking like a fresh young Diana, and Freyney the picture of a real stage highwayman. Up he rides to the lady who didn't know him from Adam, and says sweetly with all the good manners which were a *sine qua non* with gentlemen of the Road:—

"My Lady, I am very sorry to interrupt your sport, but I am destitute, and as I live by my wits and my horse's heels, I'll have to trouble you for your purse."

Hester turned on him, bright sparks in her eyes and black rage in her heart, for surely wouldn't any real sportswoman detest being talked to about her purse just when the hounds had found?

Hester and Freyney

Says she, "Purse—you fool—don't you hear the hounds have found?"

Freyney was quite undisturbed and answered with the cold callousness of a desperate man, "I can't help it if the hounds *have* found, I must find for myself; I've got to live, and you must please hand over your purse."

Lady Hester looked at him. She saw that he was hungry, perhaps she noticed that Freyney was a little bit the worse for wear, maybe his personality appealed to her (it had always been a great asset to Freyney in his dealings with women). Anyhow she replied, "All right—but don't worry me with your nonsense just now; come man—ride the run with me, and whoever has the best of it gets the purse," and off she went after the hounds which had just broken covert.

"Accepted, my lady," called Freyney, knowing that his mare was the real right thing, and feeling sure that the purse was as good as won.

It was a famous run over a stiff country, but Lady Hester and Freyney didn't care.

Things I can Tell

They rode a record run ; the plucky girl beat the highwayman hollow, and he came up to her while the hounds were breaking up the "hunted one."

Like the nice woman she was, Hester turned all smiles to Freyney. "Well," said she, producing a fine fat netted purse from somewhere in her scarlet habit, "here's the purse. I've had all the luck or you'd have beaten me easily," and she forthwith held out the money with the easiest grace in the world.

Freyney had bowed low when he first spoke to Hester Westenra, but now his head swept almost to his knee, and his hat right down to his stirrup. Then he looked at her, his handsome reckless face all aglow with excitement, and he said with real emotion, "No, no, your ladyship! No, Lady Hester, 'twas finely ridden and fairly won. Gentlemen of the Road have their own ideas of honour, and mine is to thank you for the good sport, and to wish you good day."

With that he rode off, and I daresay Hester wished, as I do, that Freyney "found" on the



Lady Hester Westenra.

A Daring Robber

return journey, and was able to give his gallant little mare a good feed, and to eat a hearty breakfast himself.

Those were exciting days to live in, and although some people maintain that it encourages crime and fosters unhealthy appetites to glorify those dead and gone knights of the Road, I must say that I think we ought to take off our hats to Freyney—and also to Hester Westenra.

Talking of highwaymen, I remember the late Mr. Norton Lane of the *Field*, well known as “Twenty Thousand Shots,” and who died at the age of ninety-three, once telling me of an adventure which befell his mother.

Mrs. Lane came to a meet, and her pony carriage was stationed at a point where it was supposed the fox would break. The field waited some distance away, and Mr. Lane suddenly observed a smart looking man on horseback talking to his mother, but he paid little or no attention to the incident. When he and his father returned home in the evening, they found Mrs. Lane in a state of tre-

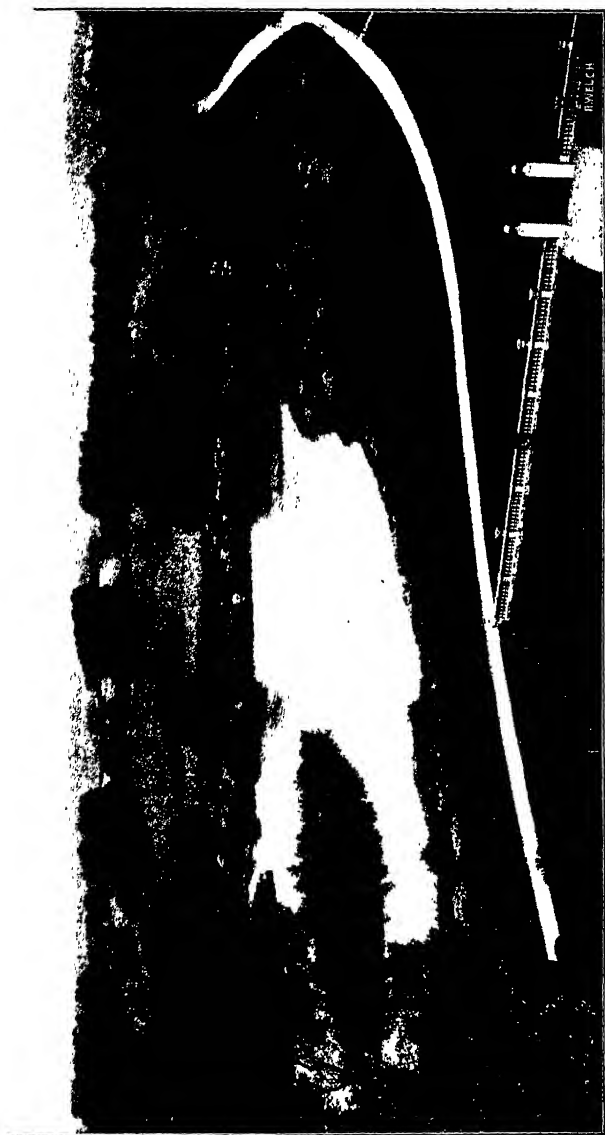
Things I can Tell

mendous agitation, and it transpired that the smart stranger was a highwayman who had demanded and taken her valuables in full view of everybody.

Rossmore rightly is, as my lady-enemy described it, "a blending of all beauties," and I can imagine no fairer prospect anywhere than that to be obtained from the entrance to the house where one gazes right over a luxuriance of verdure to the distant mountains, and it is a pity that all ups and downs are not like those around my home.

I have been accused of possessing Louis XIV's mania for planting and transplanting, but I contend that all my alterations—especially my new roads—are of real value, and, if this book is a success, it may interest those friends of mine, who laugh behind my back at what they consider an expensive fad, to know that I intend to make another new road.

Writing on this lively subject reminds me to mention that part of the old Dublin coach road is now within the park gates at Rossmore,



View from the Entrance to Rossmore Castle.

The Old Dublin Road

for I had the highway re-arranged some years ago, and diverted the traffic in another direction. The enclosed piece of the road is covered with mossy turf, and if a phantom coach does ever cover the ground at midnight, I'm sure the ghosts don't get nearly so shaken up as they did when they were alive, and rattled over the ruts on the way to Dublin.

The gates were presented by the town of Monaghan to commemorate the birth of my eldest son, and they are handsome examples of their kind, but as this description seems somewhat in the style of a garrulous house-keeper showing a party round, I'll leave the gates alone, and get beyond them to Camla, which was formerly the Rossmore dower house, and which is one of the oldest mansions in the north of Ireland.

My great-uncle Colonel Westenra of the 8th Hussars bought the property and bequeathed it to my father. Camla is a rambling old place which was inhabited long ago by the Montgomeries. Externally it is not much to look at, but there is plenty of room

Things I can Tell

inside, and I find it uncommonly useful as a sort of storehouse for the various antiques which I collect from time to time, always meaning to put them somewhere some day. Why, at Camla we've nearly enough pieces of old oak to build a navy for Ireland if she ever gets Home Rule in the way the extremists want it, and quite enough old iron for some extra special battleships. Anyhow, I know that Camla is comfortable and it faces an artificial lake which has a curious history.

The story goes that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Montgomerie of the day, who possessed great influence in those troublous times, exercised it on behalf of a man who was going to be hanged, and got the sentence quashed, much to the delight of the populace, with whom the criminal was immensely popular. The men of the townland whence he came arrived at Camla in a body, and asked Montgomerie whether they could do anything to show their gratitude. Montgomerie wasn't quite sure what he wanted at the moment, but one of the leaders with

Camla Vale

a practical mind suggested that they should dig out the small stream which then ran down in front of Camla Vale, and make some kind of a lake. So they set to work, and made quite a respectable-looking sheet of ornamental water. The earth which they dug out proves that they did their job thoroughly, for it is still in existence and takes the shape of a large hillock, which is planted with fine old beeches, and when spring comes she never fails to star the hill with a good scattering of primroses in memory of the grateful workers.

I have already explained why I am writing this book. I have introduced you to the family banshee, and to the family romance, so now I will introduce you to the family, and tell you some things we did "in the days of my youth."

CHAPTER II

My extravagant grandfather: A political duel: My father: Bagpipes at the dentist's dinner: "Tom Thumb": Pau: We become inmates of a lunatic asylum: My mother's second marriage: "Old Crow" and the Colonel: "Still a gentleman": "A Happy New Year": 'Treasure Island': School days: Bad food at Rugby: Happy Hanover: The broken window: I get one back on Beardy

My father was a charming man, but, unlike the generality of the Westenras, he didn't care for riding or racing. Perhaps he had good reason not to indulge in either, as his father had almost reduced himself to penury through racing, electioneering, hunting, and cockfighting. Luckily, my grandfather's second wife, Lady Charteris, was one of the managing sort, and never rested until, by dint of much screwing and saving, she had pulled the family finances together again.

My Grandfather

My grandfather was a great believer in Catholic emancipation, and had sometimes two sons in Parliament, one representing Monaghan, and the other Queen's County. My father's interest in politics once led him into fighting a duel with Colonel Madden on the borders of Monaghan and Armagh. His bullet cut a button off Madden's coat, and Madden's bullet ricocheted off the ground, and shot my father through the ankle. He was very handsome, and I remember my maternal grandmother saying that he was the finest man she had ever set eyes on.

Old Henderson, the owner of the *Belfast News Letter*, was once talking to me at Maze Races, and told me how he recollected my father and mother at a ball soon after their marriage, and what a splendid looking couple they were, indeed so great was the attention they attracted that the dancers stopped and actually made a lane for them as they walked up the room. My father's favourite amusements were yachting, shooting and fishing, and—oddly enough—playing the bagpipes, at which difficult art he excelled.

Things I can Tell

There is a story that one night he was dining with Brophy, the well-known Dublin dentist, who had engaged a blind Irish piper to amuse his guests. My father said he would give the company a taste of his own playing, so the piper, with a pitying smile, handed him over the bagpipes. But the old man's smile soon faded away, and was replaced with an expression of intense anger as the strains filled the room. At last he could no longer contain himself, and he went for Brophy hammer and tongs and demanded fiercely to know how he dared introduce a rival at the entertainment, since he was absolutely certain that no one but a real professional piper could ever play like that.

I was only seven years old when my father died, and left my mother with six little children, my brother Henry ("Rosie"), who had become Lord Rossmore, Kathleen, Norah, myself, and my two younger brothers, Dick and Peter.

We spent those early days at Rossmore, and led an outdoor life in that ideal place for children. "Rosie" was a born rider, and

Pau

possessed a tiny Shetland pony called Tom Thumb, on whose back he would go over places which would have stopped an older person. Tom Thumb was very clever, and I used to ride him into Monaghan when I went to work with the schoolmaster. My favourite amusement consisted in taking the pony into a field and making him jump narrow ditches, which he hated doing, and thought excessively beneath his powers, especially as there were no hounds about. But the little beggar never failed to get his own back, for when he couldn't throw me, he used to get close to a thorn hedge against which he would rub my legs unmercifully.

We children had the usual tutors and governesses at home, and soon after my father died we all went to Pau: we travelled by diligence from Bordeaux, and we were known as "La grande famille." Mother had some stupendous luggage and two enormous trunks, which were called "Les deux petites maisonnettes" all along the line. My brothers and I were sent to the college at Pau, and we

Things I can Tell

indulged in many fights with the natives, and Kathleen Candy bears a mark on her forehead to this day where a stone struck her in one of our encounters. We were terrors at stone-throwing, and once I wickedly took aim at a harmless house painter who was working on some railings opposite our stables. The stone knocked the brush clean out of his hand, and hurt one of his fingers very badly, so after that I left stones severely alone.

We used to be asked to many parties given by the English residents, and I wonder whether Peter remembers an afternoon party at Lady Caroline Madden's. He was an unappreciative child, for when Lady Caroline said sweetly that her daughter Sydney (now Lady Ailesbury) was reciting in the next room, he exclaimed, "Oh, thanks awfully," and fled from the house.

My mother used to hunt a good deal at Pau, and often returned with the brush, but we did not remain there long and moved on to Royan, near Bordeaux. About this time we all became temporary inmates of a lunatic asylum, thanks to my grandmother's unfortunate rendering of a

A Strange Health-Resort

phrase in French. She had been told of a wonderful health resort called "Belle Vue," whither we all went, lock, stock, and barrel, only to discover that the Maison de Santé which she translated as "Health Resort" had only one real name, and that was "Bedlam." We didn't realise our surroundings at first, as the proprietor wished to keep us as paying guests. We put down the inmates' eccentricities to the fact that they were French, and, as the proprietor had never seen a collected Irish family before, he probably soothed his conscience and assumed there was some real reason for detaining us. But the truth came out when one of the patients bolted to Paris and took Peter with him in the best kidnapper style. After that mother hastily packed her enormous trunks and left the Health Resort without delay. We next went to Boulogne where we one and all took the mumps, and mother, shaken by the asylum episode, came to the conclusion that a man in the house was imperative as a safeguard against future *contre-temps*. She therefore married Colonel Stac-

Things I can Tell

poole, a very nice fellow, who died some years ago, and who was a kind friend to us children.

I remember my mother once telling me a story about "Old Craw" (W. Stirling-Crawford) when she and the Colonel were living in Eccleston Square. My stepfather and Craw had been "blethering" about racing throughout dinner, and far into the night; at last Craw said he'd walk home and Stacpoole intimated that he would see him part of the way. They had a tremendous discussion as to whether a mare had received seven or ten pounds in a certain race, and they argued until they reached Craw's front door. "Come in, my dear fellow, and have a drink," said Craw, all agog to continue the discussion, and when Stacpoole after a time said he must be getting home, Craw announced that he would accompany him, and they spent the night going back and forward between each other's houses.

At last Stacpoole ceased his perambulations and, slightly the worse for his numerous refreshments, he glided into my mother's

“ Old Craw ”

bedroom when the grey dawn was breaking. She was horrified to see her usually abstemious husband in this condition, and said with cold candour, “ You brute—you’re drunk.”

He was, no doubt about it, but, looking sorrowfully at her, the Colonel managed to say in reproachful tones, “ Maybe I am, but I’m *shill* a gentleman.”

Crawfurd was once staying with us for New Year, and Peter, then quite a boy, was horribly short of cash. He determined to start the year well, so he went into Craw’s bedroom early on the morning of January 1st, and saluted him kindly, saying, “ I wish you a happy New Year, Mr. Crawfurd.”

“ Thanks, my boy,” replied a sleepy voice.

“ I wish you a very happy New Year,” said Peter.

“ Yes, thanks, Peter,” answered Craw.

“ I wish you the *happiest* New Year,” continued my brother in crescendo tones.

“ Ah, ha, ah, ha,” cried Craw, who was now thoroughly awake and tumbled to Peter’s

Things I can Tell

policy. "You'll find a couple of sovereigns on the dressing-table."

Peter of course protested, but took the cash, and considered he had begun the financial year quite satisfactorily.

Peter never lost an opportunity if he could help it, and he possessed the adventurous temperament very strongly when he was a boy. Once he lured me into a hunt for buried treasure which turned out a thorough "sell." Some of the Irish lakes possess curious islands which are of tremendous interest to antiquaries, as they were originally made by the ancient inhabitants to serve as a sort of safe deposit for their "valuables" when the Danes took it into their heads to indulge in a raid. I believe these islands were primarily made of faggots or piles, and they answered the purpose for which they were intended uncommonly well. There was such an island in the middle of a lake at Rossmore, and Peter determined to explore it, and return a millionaire. He fired my imagination with his stories of buried treasure, and as from time to time gold collars and

Hidden Treasure

other ornaments' have been dug up at Rossmore, it seemed feasible enough to surmise that there might be a "cache" on the island.

Peter carted a regular army of labourers up to the lake and transported them by boat-loads to the island, until, upon my word, the place looked as if it would overflow; and let some of our men down to pursue investigations at the bottom. Anyhow, when they had got some kind of a foothold, Peter harangued the crowd as follows:—

"Now, boys," said he, "you've got to dig carefully, not as if you were digging for potatoes, but just cautiously, and whenever a single pick chinks, that's the time to stop and wait for further orders." So they commenced work, and Peter and I began building most beautiful castles in the air out of the results of the excavations, when all of a sudden—by gad—there was a loud chink, and the "army" stood at attention, rejoiced, no doubt, to get a few minutes off.

"Whose pick made that chink," cried Peter.

"Mine, yer honour," replied a weary looking

Things I can Tell

man leaning on his pick with a bored air, just for all the world as if he didn't care a bit for the "valuables" beneath him.

Brother Peter made a bee-line for the spot where the man stood, and he grubbed and grovelled in the wet earth, as if the Cullinan diamond was reposing there. At last he got down to mud level and with a shout of joy dragged out a grime-encrusted object.

"Come here, Derry, it's probably a golden goblet worth a ton of money," bawled Peter, all excitement. We sat down close by the water's edge, and commenced to scrape and wash the golden goblet, and a fine difficulty we had, for the wretched thing was inches thick with deposit. At last, a final dip into the water washed off the last of the mud, and the treasure was disclosed.

But it would have been far better if we had never attempted to investigate what it was, for 'twas no golden goblet, but just a common or garden china mug, and on it were inscribed the words: "A present for a good boy, from Brighton." Oh, what horror, oh, what mortifi-

The Traveller's Dinner

cation! There was the gang grinning like a lot of Cheshire cats ; there was the vile mug, but there wasn't a sign of any "valuables" whatsoever, and I don't think Peter could have borne to hear another chink. What he did was to hurl the good boy's gift right into the bosom of the lake, where no doubt it reposes to this very day.

We embarked a sadder and wiser pair from Treasure Island and it was something like the retreat from Moscow. I believe Peter detests the very name of Brighton even now, and I think he would smash up, without the slightest compunction, any kind of souvenir crockery that came his way.

I must just mention something *àpropos* of "finds," although it isn't very interesting and doesn't concern the days of my youth.

Some years ago I built a new hotel at Monaghan on the site of the old inn. It was high time I did, because one day when a commercial traveller was sitting having his dinner, the floor gave way, and he fell right through on to the top of another gentleman

Things I can Tell

who was also dining. Luckily, the traveller was a practical man, and as his own meal was a "goner" he proceeded to eat the dinner which was laid for the other man who had hurriedly retired to find a safer retreat.

This accident made stopping at the inn too risky for most people, so I pulled the old place down, and when the workmen were digging the new foundations, they came upon a well, crammed with most curious-looking bottles, dating back to goodness knows when. Directly I heard of the discovery, I hastened to inspect the bottles, but when I arrived on the scene I was calmly told that they had been pitched into the pond. I was very angry, for there is no telling what I missed.

I was rather a rolling stone so far as my early education was concerned. As I have said, Pau was the first public school I went to, then I studied at Boulogne with M. Le Petit, and after that I was at a private school at Brighton, preparatory to entering Brighton College. My fifth home of learning was the Monaghan diocesan school, which is now

Bad Food at Rugby

in the hands of the Christian Brothers, and my sixth was Rugby, during Temple's time. I always thought the worthy Archbishop a most forbidding man, and my most lasting recollection of Rugby is the disgraceful food they gave us. The commissariat is doubtless all right now, but it was pretty bad in my day, a fault which applies to many public and private schools.

I consider it a real imposition for the controllers of schools to charge the enormous sums they do, and then for the parents to discover that if the mind is fed, the body is next door to being starved. Boys require good food and plenty of it, and it is a pity that surprise visits are not paid at ordinary meal times, so that the excellence of the menu can be verified.

I never set up for being a clever fellow, but I was clever enough to make my instructors believe that I was almost an idiot, and that therefore it was not really my fault if I failed to do my masters credit.

When I was about sixteen I was sent to

Things I can Tell

Hanover, where I lived with some dear people, Dr. and Frau Seinecke, who were very nice Germans of the old school. I got on excellently with them, until we quarrelled over the possession of the latch-key. I wanted to go out after supper and told the Herr Doctor so; he firmly and flatly refused to allow me to go out, or to give me the loan of his latch-key, so we had an awful row.

Dr. Seinecke couldn't speak English, and I didn't know a single word of German, and as we utterly ignored French as a medium of conversation, we roundly abused each other in our respective mother-tongues, and in terms which were most uncivil.

It so happened that on the previous day Dr. Seinecke had been endeavouring to teach me colloquial German, and he said that to call anyone a "dummer junge" was an unpardonable insult. Imagine my wrath when at last he wound up by calling me a "*dummer junge von ein Engländer.*" That did it: I made one spring at him, and he straightway bolted out of the drawing room, overturning tables and chairs

A German Family

in his flight. Suddenly the door opened and I was confronted by Frau Seinecke, who was wondering what on all the earth the row meant. She was a commanding old lady, and she addressed me in accents of shocked surprise.

“What does this behaviour mean, Mr. Westenra, and why are you trying to assault my husband?”

“Why, indeed!” I answered rudely. “Well, yesterday he told me what an insult ‘dummer junge’ was, and to-day he calls *me* one. He’s brought his fate on himself, and his blood I must and will have.”

“Heavens!” shrieked the frightened Frau, “this shall not be, I will write to your mother at once and tell her that you shall not remain here and kill my husband.” With that she left me, and instantly wrote off to mother. Her description of my murderous proclivities failed to disturb my parent, who was quite accustomed to receiving hysterical complaints about her four sons, and therefore Frau Seinecke’s letter remained unanswered.

I stayed at Hanover for a year and we were

Things I can Tell

all genuinely upset when the time came for saying farewell.

I celebrated my departure by going to a supper which was given by half a dozen young English friends, and we were a merry band. I had to leave about 2 a.m., by which time all my pals were asleep, except one sportsman who was behaving in a very odd way, and hiding the plates under the table. At last I remarked :

“ I say, what on earth are you doing? ”

He looked very knowing, and replied, “ Sh-h-h-h, swear you won't tell where I've put them ! ”

Said I, “ I swear it. ”

“ Well,” he replied, “ I'm hiding the plates in a secret place to enhance their value. They can't possibly be discovered for a hundred years, and then won't their price have gone up ! ” That was the limit, so I left the connoisseur in plates, walked across to the railway station, and got into the train. The carriage filled up just before we started, and my fellow-passengers were five Germans, all

The Broken Window

smoking vile cigars, and using vesuvians to light up with. This was considered quite English, and in 1869 everyone in Germany thought it good form to be "English." I had taken a certain amount of wine at supper, but I was not a bit the worse until I smelt those rank bad weeds, when I did certainly feel as if I required a whiff of fresh air. So I pulled down my window, only to find it instantly pulled up by a big German with an enormous long beard who was sitting opposite. However, I soon pulled it down again, and this game went on for hours, until Old Beardy kept the strap in his hand and thought he had settled the fresh air question so far as I was concerned.

At this moment I remembered I wanted a small package out of the rack, and as I turned to sit down, my right elbow, in some extraordinary way had an encounter with the window, and went right through it.

Of course I was awfully sorry about the "accident," but my polite regrets were drowned in a storm of curses from the doubly-done

Things I can Tell

Deuschers. The fun wasn't over, however, for when I left the train at Cologne, where we had to change, I went up to a very important looking, gold-laced official and said humbly, "Sir, I think it is right and honourable to draw your attention to that tall bearded man who is just descending from yonder compartment."

"Well, well, what of him?" asked Gold-lace, getting excited.

"Oh," said I, "that man broke a window in the carriage last night."

"*Did* he?" cried Gold-lace, and off he went like a rocket after Beardy. I went off too—but in another direction.

CHAPTER III

Round about Rossmore : My grandmother reproves a Bishop : "Cootie" : My first cock-fight : Lord R. and his plain bride : Neighbours : Cock-fighting as a national sport : The fight at Barn Hill : Joe Wright : Badger-drawing : Joe falls in the arena : Bacchanalian recollections : My excuses for them : The custom of the country : "Darry" for short : North and South : An irreparable injury : A discontented wife : "An obleegin' blackguard" : The Englishman's shooting : The end of the day : Bunty surprises a critic : Hunting by moonlight : Looking backward

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Monaghan, when I was a boy, was an arbitrary old bully whose father had eked out a livelihood by keeping a boar pig, a prize gander, and a buck goat on his tiny farm in the country.¹

He was a disagreeable man who delighted in waging perpetual warfare with my uncle, then agent at Rossmore. This distressed my grand-

¹ Since the first edition of this book was issued I have ascertained, from a reliable source, that these statements are inaccurate.—ROSSMORE.

Things I can Tell

mother, who was a devout Roman Catholic, and so she accordingly went to visit the Bishop with the object of persuading him to try to live at peace with her son, who was not indisposed to be friendly.

She was a charming, courtly lady with a particularly quiet manner, and I am sure she was very nice to the Bishop, who sat regarding her with a frown on his face. Just as she was congratulating herself that her cause was won, the cleric started out of his chair, and to her intense surprise shouted :

“ Woman ! ”

Grandmother was so taken aback that she didn't at first realise how rude the Bishop had been, but when the fact slowly dawned upon her she got up and faced him. For a moment she was silent, and then she wagged her finger at him, and said very coldly :

“ Sh-sh-sh. Please never again forget yourself when you are talking to a lady.” With that she walked out of the room, and the first fall was for grandmother, for the Bishop was completely knocked out of time.

The Bishop's Request

I never knew this man, but although I was then an Orangeman, I determined to show his successor that I was not bigoted. I therefore called on him to congratulate him on his appointment to the See. Unfortunately, he was away, but he soon afterwards returned my call, and during our conversation he said :

“Lord Rossmore—when I know you better, I want to ask a great favour.”

“Bishop,” said I, “don’t you think we are on sufficiently good terms to warrant your asking it now?”

“Very nicely put,” he answered. “I will ask you, but I warn you, it’s a considerable request I’m going to make.”

“Well,” I queried, “what is it?”

“It’s the site for a new chapel in Monaghan,” replied the Bishop.

“Where do you want it?” I asked, “for you can consider it given. My mother has told me that the priest is sometimes obliged to kneel in pools of water in the present place of worship. But,” I added, “I don’t think it

Things I can Tell

was right of you to hesitate to ask me, you ought to apologise."

He smiled. "What for?"

"What for? Well, for imagining I am such a bigoted person that it was doubtful if I would give the site for a chapel where my Roman Catholic friends and neighbours can worship our common God."

He saw my point. I gave him a good site in the town and from that day I never had a firmer ally.

One of my earliest friends was Captain Richard Coote, of Bellamont Forest, Cootehill, Co. Cavan, familiarly known as "Cootie," and he was the great-grandson of the last Earl of Bellamont, who contracted a bigamous marriage with a beautiful English girl who died of a broken heart after the fact had been revealed to her.

I saw my first cock-fight when I was over at Coote Hill partridge shooting. I remember Cootie had out that day two of the best broken setters I ever saw. He paid a hundred guineas for them, like the real sports-

“Cootie”

man he was, for Cootie was not over-blessed with money. Well, the birds got up very far away, and I managed to get two with the first barrel; quick as lightning, I pulled the second barrel so as to make it look a right and left, and Cootie, who was a little way off, was completely taken in, and complimented me on the quickest right and left he'd ever seen.

When we had finished shooting, Cootie asked me if I had ever “assisted” at a cock-fight, and when I said “No,” the good fellow at once sent for the blacksmith, and that worthy arranged a main, which took place in the carpenter's shop and I thoroughly enjoyed my initiation.

Cootie was a great character. He was once asked if he knew why Lord R. had chosen such a plain bride. “Well, my beautiful lady,” he drawled (every woman was “my beautiful lady” and every man “my beautiful boy” to him). “Well, it was like this. Lord and Lady —— had two daughters—both fiddle-headed gals. They took the elder out everywhere, trotted her up and down, but she

Things I can Tell

remained unsold. So they put her on the shelf and tried to forget her. The second gal seemed to have no better luck, when to their delight Lord R. began to pay her marked attention and they hoped she would win the Matrimonial Stakes. Their surprise was great, however, when R. suddenly took the elder fiddle-head off the shelf, dusted her and married her. That's how it all came about."

Another time someone said, "I say Cootie, why don't you get married?"

"When Mrs. Right comes along, Cootie will marry her," he replied, "and she'll often be heard to sing :

'Whene'er I take my walks abroad
What handsome men I see ;
But I'll go home and thank my God
That Cootie's there for me.'"

Cootie sold Bellamont Forest to a man named Smith, with whom he had a dispute about two valuable inset pictures. Smith thought that being inset made the pictures part and parcel of the building, but Cootie differed from him, and sold one to the late

My Neighbours

Lord Dartrey and the other to the Irish National Gallery, greatly to Smith's annoyance.

"Cootie" was one of the last of the "Heavies": he was in the Carbineers and somewhat "drawly" in his manner of speaking; but he was a rare good sort and quite a character in his day.

Our neighbours round Rossmore were delightful people and we managed to have some very good times. The Dartreys had then, and have now, a beautiful place with some fine lakes, perhaps the best in the country. Lord Dartrey married Sir George Wombwell's eldest daughter, and her brightness, charm of manner, and attractive personality make her very popular.

There were the Shirleys of Loughfea, the largest landowners in the county of Monaghan, the Lucas-Scudamores of Castle Shane, Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie of Glaslough, a perfectly lovely property which Sir John has made over to his son Colonel "Jack" Leslie, whose American wife is one of the nicest

Things I can Tell

women possible to meet from Dublin to New York.

Lord Francis Hope, whose name is chiefly known through having possessed the ill-omened "Hope diamond," and being at one time the husband of the actress May Yohe, owns Castle Blaney, a very fine place, once the seat of the Lords Blaney, and besides those I have mentioned there were many other nice people who dined, wineed, and took life in the happiest spirit possible.

There is no doubt about it that Ireland is the most hospitable place on earth, and "side" and snobbishness are as extinct as the snakes which St. Patrick banished from the distressful country. I don't think that any stranger who visited Ireland for the first time could complain of any lack of hospitality, for with us it is the accepted idea to give of our best, and to be at our best when it is a question of "doing the honours."

As I mentioned that I had seen my first cock-fight at "Cootie's" instigation, I had better explain that this form of sport was tremendously popular in Ireland, and in the old days there

My First Cock-fight

used to be Government cock-pits. The Irish are always ready for a fight whenever a chance presents itself, and, just to show how the sport still flourishes, I know that recently when the police were all engaged at the Rossmore Derby, the champions of three counties were conveyed to Monaghan Town, and a main was successfully brought off without police interference.

The police of one county cannot interfere with what is going on over the boundary of the next county, so a site is usually selected where a river forms the boundary between two counties, and if disturbed on one side, the "fight" rows across and continues the sport in the next county.

I remember my brother Peter once fighting a main in the kitchen of the Monaghan Court House when he was acting as Secretary to the Grand Jury, and therefore as a public official, he ought decidedly to have known better. There was nearly a great row over it, but Peter's luck was in and nothing happened. He fought another main with some Liverpool people who betted so heavily on each battle

Things I can Tell

that at the end they lost every shilling they came over with. Peter, however, was very compassionate, as became the victorious one, and he gave them the money to take them back to Liverpool.

There was a famous fight once between Armagh and Monaghan at Barn Hill, and I persuaded poor "Rosie" to allow it to take place. When everything was arranged I happened to hear that besides the cock-fight there was to be a man-fight, after the main was over. "Rosie," who heard about it also, was terribly put out, and not unnaturally blamed me for having over-persuaded him in the matter. But I determined that there should not be any rowdyism if I could prevent it, so I sent for a brogue-maker named Callaghan, a huge man who habitually carried an enormous blackthorn stick.

"Look here, Callaghan," I said, "I want you to stand by me over this affair. You had better get into the ring before the main commences, and just say firmly that you will deal with the first man who abuses his

Callaghan's Stick

lordship's kindness and tries to create a disturbance."

"All right, Masther Darry," answered Callaghan, "I'll see to it."

And see to it he did. He got into the ring, and addressed the crowd exactly as he had been told to do, but he added something for himself.

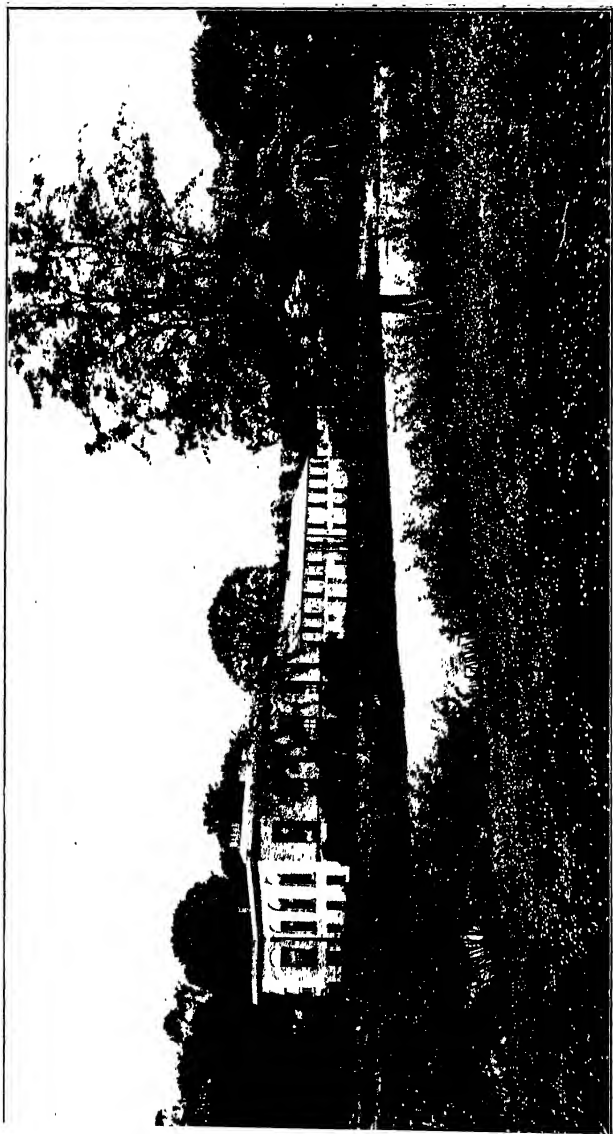
"Listen here," he said when he had concluded his official speech. "The first man to strike a blow will get a taste of my blackthorn." With that he brought down his tremendous stick with such force that Barn Hill shook like a San Francisco earthquake, and when the main was finished the crowd dispersed as quietly as a mothers' meeting.

Badger-drawing used to appeal to us when we were boys, and I remember a story about an old family solicitor and a badger-fight at Camla. Joe Wright, who used to look after our legal interests, was an amusing old Bacchanalian and an uncommonly smart lawyer. The peculiar thing about Joe was that he had one marked characteristic that always showed when he was "on." He would come out to

Things I can Tell

dinner perfectly sober and as the night wore on he would, without any warning, get up and give someone a tremendous smack on the face. Then was the time to jump on Joe, and if jumping didn't convince him, to roll on him ; there is a family fender where the big bent steel bar bears silent but eloquent testimony of the encounters between it and the legal cranium at those typical country dinner parties.

One night when Joe was dining with us, we boys had been previously digging out a badger's earth about a hundred yards from the house. Dinner was for 8 o'clock, but we had clean forgotten both it and our guests in the excitement of drawing the badger. However, when dinner was brought to our notice, we left the men busy and, when it was over, a big sack containing two wriggling, clawing badgers was brought into the dining room. The sackful of badger then and there decided us to adjourn to Camla and see a fine fight down there. Old Joe was rather intoxicated, and he walked down the hill with such a series of zig-zags that it was more reminiscent of the deck of a steamer



Camla House.

Badger-Drawing

on a rough night than a peaceful peregrination on terra firma. Anyhow he managed to reach Camla, and when we were all settled round prepared to watch the fight, the badgers and dogs were let loose, and the fun commenced.

Old Joe manifested the greatest interest as the fray waxed fiercer and fiercer, but his interest was not so powerful as the liquor he was carrying and he fell right in the middle of the combatants, and, once down, he couldn't get up. All we could see was Joe's inert form with any number of dogs running over it, snapping and yapping after the two badgers, who doubtless thought they were in for an obstacle race with a vengeance.

We managed somehow to drag out the legal luminary, who was none the worse for his adventure, but we took care not to let him fall in again.

This story is of course decidedly bacchanalian, and perhaps not particularly creditable to the legal profession, but as the "unusual" I think it is worth recording.

I know nothing that arouses so much mirth,

Things I can Tell

or excites so much disgust, as drunkenness, and I must go warily and not tread on temperance toes. I do not wish people to say that my book ought to have a purple cover embossed with vine leaves, or to be told I give the public the impression that the Irish are the slaves of alcohol. But as some of my stories deal, I think, with the amusing side of insobriety, I am retailing them without a spice of uncharitableness.

When I was a young man the Irish "nobility and gentry" took their "whack," just as their forbears had done, but imbibing in the country never seems to be so harmful as tippling in town, and we were used to rough nights which did not, however, interfere in any way with our early rising and thoroughly enjoying a day's hunting or shooting.

So I merely state as some sort of excuse for any of my stories which deal with the flowing bowl, that they are about a time which is passed—a time which produced men who (if they did occasionally indulge too freely) were quite the equals of the ginger-ale,

“Darry” for Short

barley-water, Perrier-drinkers of the present day.

I was familiarly known as “Darry” all over the country-side, and I venture to hope that I was as much liked as the average young fellow who is fond of sport, and who is a bit of a dare-devil thrown in. I believe I had a “rapid” reputation and perhaps it was earned.

I remember an amusing incident which originated in the rescue of Charlie Byng’s horse from a bog and the consequent payment of a five pound note to be divided amongst the men who had helped to get the poor beast out of the quagmire.

The possession of so much money naturally led up to the inevitable “Jolly,” which started the question of the consequent fight without which no festivities were then considered complete. The villagers were all Protestants, so a religious scrap was quite out of the question, but when the matter was referred to the village Solomon for arbitration, that worthy declared that the North side of the village

Things I can Tell

should fight the South side, and thus definitely clinch matters. The proposal was most acceptable and the fight was fought to a finish, and only one disastrous accident marred the enjoyment of the combat. A harmless newly-wedded man was sadly hurt—I may even say that he sustained an irreparable injury.

Well, there was a fine lot of talk at first and then people thought no more about the matter. However, it was brought to my remembrance some time later. I was riding to the meet and walking my horse up a stiffish hill, when I overtook a young woman who was going my way. I bade her "Good morning," and as she replied, I was struck by a look of pensive sadness, somewhat akin to martyrdom, which marred her pretty face, and instinctively I wondered what had caused the trouble in her life.

"Are you goin' to the meet, yer honour?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered.

"Well, for the love of the Saints, don't be afther givin' the boys any money. If it

“An Obloigin’ Blackguard”

wasn’t for the matther of money I wouldn’t be the miserable crathur I am to-day.”

“Miserable? Why on all the earth are ye miserable?”

“Sure wouldn’t any woman be miserable if she had a man at home who is no use to himself or to anybody—troth I might be a widdy, save that he’s above ground.”

Then it suddenly dawned upon me that this was the wife of the injured man, and I could now quite account for her look. I was deeply sorry for the poor girl, so I said:

“You are the wife, then, of Paddy McGuinness?”

“I am that,” she replied briefly.

“As that’s the case, I’m truly grieved for ye,” I continued, “and if I wasn’t due at the meet, I’d just get off my horse and have some further conversation with ye.”

The young woman stopped dead, and looked at me.

“Ah—ah—I know ye now. Sure and ye’re Masther Darry. Well, well, I’ve always heered tell that ye’re an obloigin’ blackguard!”

Things I can Tell

I remember an incident of my youthful days which concerned a stiff starchy Englishman in the infantry who was quartered at Monaghan. We met at a Grand Jury dinner, and my old uncle, Colonel Lloyd, the breeder of "Count Schomberg," said he would like me to ask the man to shoot partridges. Of course I said "Yes," and he thereupon introduced us, and mighty sorry I was that he did. The fellow was a swaggering fool, and he showed it directly we went after the birds, which were scarce at first, until we got into a fresh field, when one dog pointed and the other backed two coveys, and there were about sixteen to twenty birds packed together. The big show scared us both; we didn't hit any, and the Englishman scoffed at the dogs' behaviour in a most offensive manner. I really think that he imagined he could give points in self conceit to an Irishman; he bragged about the wonders he could perform, but the only thing he did at all thoroughly was to appropriate any birds I shot. By the middle of the day we had broken up a covey, and the dogs came to a point a short

An Englishman's Shooting

distance away from a cottage where a man was standing at his door, looking out directly where the bird would be most likely to fly. My companion didn't care a bit and went with the dog to take the shot.

"Look out for the man at the door," I cried anxiously.

He yelled to the cottager, and as he wouldn't budge, when the bird got up, Mr. Englishman fired, with the usual result that he missed the birds, but a loud howl informed us that he had not missed the man, who was peppered all over like a moth-eaten garment, and yelling for all he was worth.

I rushed up to the sufferer, whose agony had now turned to profanity coupled with intense wrath against the violation of the sacredness of the rights of a householder. "Shot in me own door," he kept on repeating. "I'll have his life." I managed to pacify him by telling him that his aggressor was only an Englishman who couldn't really be expected to know any better, and the gift of half a sovereign completely mollified him.

Things I can Tell

I went across to the crack shot. "'Pon my word," I said, "you ought not to have fired. However it's all right, I've soothed him down with half a sov.!"

"Well, you *are* a fool," was the grateful rejoinder.

After this incident we had lunch, when my companion drank a lot of raw whiskey and ate very little. Afterwards he went on "missing" things and at the end of the day we reached a little public on the roadside. The officer had another drink, and then, with his gun at full cock, he came into the room where I was talking hares!

Said he, "You're a lot of confounded Orangemen, and I'm going to shoot you."

Love of life is strong in us all, and although he could not hit birds, I knew he could hit a man. The men who were with me one and all declared they were not Orangemen.

"Well, you're Fenians."

"Certainly not," we shouted.

"It doesn't signify," he said, taking careful

The End of the Day

aim, "I'll shoot you because you are *nothing at all*."

Fortunately someone took heart and disarmed him before he could do any damage, and we started to drive homeward. On our way we passed a snipe bog, a tricky place with a big bog-hole in the middle which I could just jump, as I was then nippy on my feet. I saw in this deep hole an opportunity for revenge, so I stopped the car and said, "Look, here's a fine place for snipe, let's get off and have a few shots at them." Well, I got over that bog-hole, but Mr. Englishman jumped at it, fell in, and disappeared. I walked back to the car.

Said Joe Swan, a farmer, who was driving by, and had seen the whole thing, "There's a man in the bog."

"Yes," I answered, "and long may he remain there." He was of course fished out and taken back, but I never saw him again, and he availed himself of the shelter of the barracks until he left Monaghan for good. There was a sequel to this day of days. Years afterwards the meet was near Three Mile House, and as

Things I can Tell

I feared I should be late, I told the huntsman to lay on the hounds at appointed time.

When I arrived the hounds had gone and I asked an old woman if she knew the direction they had taken.

"Yes—they've found a hare and they're miles away."

"Where did they find?"

"Down away in a bog over down there."

"What's the name of the bog?"

"Sure, I don't know its name, but we counthry folk have a name ye wouldn't be the wiser of."

"What is it?"

"Well, well; if ye *must* know, it's the bog where Masther Darry drowned the Englishman."

Another time I was late for the meet and I was riding the second horse I ever bought, an old mare called Bunty, who pulled so effectively that once off she wouldn't stop for anybody, or anything. She was not much to look at—the colloquial adjective "rum" best describes her appearance—but she was the bravest animal I

Bunty

ever met with. Well Bunty was waiting for me, and as I was getting off the car I saw the hounds a little way off, and then I saw the hare get up.

Two men working on the road were examining Bunty's points, and I heard one say to the other, "I don't think much of the mare Darry's riding, I wouldn't put her in a dung cart." Just then I got in the saddle, loosed her head, and off went Bunty as she alone knew how to, and borne on the breeze came a loud "ha, ha," from the other man, and then this scathing remark: "Maybe you wouldn't get her for your dung cart."

Those distant days were very happy ones. I used to hunt by moonlight with Dick, and as this happened after dinner, reckless riding was more likely than not. However, we made a pact that whenever either of us got really hurt we would go home directly. I remember once that there was a wall, with a deep drop into an old country lane, which it was difficult to see in a bad light. Dick rode at it; came a cropper

Things I can Tell

and cut his head badly, but as he didn't know what fear meant, he was most unwilling to return.

We were up to all kinds of the devilment in which boys delight, and looking backward I can only say that I think there is nothing in life to compare with its springtime.

CHAPTER IV

Dublin days: I encounter General Browne: I get the worst of it: The Kildare Street Club: Percy La Touche and the surly member: "Go to Bath": Lying in daylight: A dinner at the Sackville Street Club: "I'm an awfully nice fellow": Dublin theatres: Witty audiences: Some Irish stories: A honeymoon incident: The alien baron: Lady Pilkington and the beggar: The late Lord Caledon: His pluck: A rent audit dinner: Back to front.

NOTHING pleased me better in my younger days, when I was a brat of a boy in the Monaghan Militia, than to save up all my spare cash and go to Dublin for a regular spree. When I was about eighteen I got elected to the United Service Club (Dublin), where one of the best known members was an old one-armed officer named General Browne, who was

Things I can Tell

a peppery individual with a fine thick brogue and a great idea of his own importance. One morning, soon after my election, I swaggered into the smoking-room with another brat in the Militia, and as the waiter didn't answer the bell immediately, I turned to my friend and said loudly with all the assurance imaginable :

"They never *do* answer the bells in this blank pot-house."

General Browne had been eyeing the pair of us with silent, but marked disapproval, and my remark put the clincher on him. He just "lepped" at me, his face crimson, his sound arm raised, and his brogue tree-men-jous.

"You d——d young villin!" he shouted. "How *dar* you call *MY* club a pot-house—D——n your eyes, you blasted baby."

This was not half or a quarter of what he said, but it was quite enough for me, and I fled, leaving the General absolute master of the field and not quite so much in conceit with myself.

I also belonged to the Kildare Street Club and as most of my particular friends were

The Surly Member

members of it I can't complain of the times we had.

I remember once Percy La Touche being reprimanded by a surly old member in a not unamusing manner. Percy was looking out on the street when his attention was attracted by a pretty servant girl who was cleaning the windows of a house opposite.

"I say," he remarked to the surly one, "There's a pretty girl for you," and as no notice whatever was taken of his observation he repeated it with marked appreciation of the window-cleaner.

"Young man," said Surly, "I heard your remark perfectly well, as you intended me to do. I gather from it that you are one of those who go through life seeking the destruction of servants. One day a pretty housemaid will doubtless become an inmate of your home. The inevitable will happen, and then the girl will be discharged without a character. Yes, sir, and I will go still further, and affirm that you will not even be blamed in the matter, for your mother will probably say, 'Leave my house,

Things I can Tell

you abandoned creature, words cannot express my indignation at discovering that you have corrupted my son.' ”

We had some good times at the Kildare Street Club. One Horse Show I was lunching there with Lord Headfort, Lord Farnham, and also Lord Portarlington, who as George Damer was known as “The Dasher.”

Said the Dasher to me, “shooting his linen,” “Derry, old boy, there’s nothing left for you but to go to Bath.”

“Why on all the earth d’ye recommend me to go to Bath?”

“Look here, I’ve been having electric light baths up to 250° Fahrenheit, and the treatment has reduced my tummy by two inches.”

Everybody was all attention and Farnham, better known as “Sommy Maxwell,” who was a very well-informed man, said, “Come, George, that’s rather steep; why, water boils at 212° Fahrenheit.”

“I don’t care a d——n, when the kettle boils,” cried George displaying some heat (as

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Lying in Daylight

was only natural). "I tell you my dear Sommy, that I was lying in the electric light at 250 degrees."

"Well, well," said Sommy, dryly, "have it your own way, George, but at any rate you're lying in daylight now."

General Browne was looking out of the Kildare Street Club window one morning when a coster-barrow collided with a car, and there was the devil to pay.

The barrow was upset, the greenstuff and fruit were scattered all over the road, and the language on both sides was something to wonder at. The row soon attracted attention and the windows were crammed with members, who were thoroughly enjoying the dialogue.

The General did not say much; he was apparently deep in thought; then he turned gravely to the man next to him and said in his doubly-distilled brogue, "Sirrr, I would have ye to note the perfect *insouciance* of the ass!"

One day I was strolling up Grafton Street when I met a man coming down who looked as if he had an option on the pavement. He

Things I can Tell

was a pompous fat individual and he somehow roused my gorge. "I'll get one up against this swaggering ass," thought I, so I commenced to try to attract his attention. I coughed, I looked apologetic, and at last when he was about to pass me I said, "Er — er — er — — er — I *beg* your pardon." He took no notice, but a few minutes afterwards he turned back, his curiosity having overcome his self-importance.

"Well, young man, I presume you wish to speak to me. If you have anything to communicate, say it at once, as I have no time to waste on you," he said.

"Thank you very much," I answered, "I do want to say something to you, I want to tell you that everybody thinks I'm an awfully nice fellow. That's all—Good day."

He looked at me in speechless wrath, then he spluttered, "To blazes with you," and went his way, looking for all the world like a gobbling old turkey.

Whenever I wanted a really hearty laugh I used to go to one of the Dublin theatres, where,

“Sphit at Him, Boys”

as a rule, the audience was more amusing than the actors.

I remember on one occasion taking a box, as I had a lady with me ; but, as my finances were rather low, I could only run to the very cheapest in the house, which was alongside the gods, who took it as a personal insult that anyone presumed to wear evening dress in their vicinity.

They gave me a pretty hot time, and they kept on shouting, “Look at the blackguard in evening clothes—sphit at him, boys,” and every time I put my head out of the box I got a volley. I noticed that the malcontents had a leader who sat in the extreme corner next to me. To him I addressed myself.

“Look here,” said I, “wouldn’t you like some cigars ? ”

He eyed me and then gave orders for the “sphittin’ ” to cease until it was proved that I possessed cigars. Luckily I had the “full of my great coat pocket,” so I threw them over to the cads, and the leader (like most of the breed) got the lion’s share. Anyway the cigars decided

Things I can Tell

him, and turning to his friends he said with tremendous authority, "Quit sphittin', bhoys"; then with pitying contempt he added, "Maybe he's only a waiter after all."

A repertoire company of English-Italians once performed at the Old Queen's Theatre, but their histrionic efforts were not greatly appreciated.

First they attempted burlesque and made a hideous failure of it; then they tried "Macbeth" with worse results, and then in despair they attacked our old friend "Faust." Not a single performer looked his part, but the most comic figure was Mephistopheles who, instead of being long and lanky, was a short, thick, pot-bellied individual who might just as well have played Cupid. The thrilling moment arrived when he had to disappear down the road below; the blue flames came up invitingly through the trap-door, and Mephistopheles made an attempt to descend with the devil's own dignity. But he failed to reckon with his tummy and so he stuck. He wriggled and wriggled, but he couldn't wriggle down that tight place, and the

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“ Hell’s Full ”

whole audience watched his efforts with breathless interest. At last a shrill whistle from a “ god ” calling to his friend on the opposite side broke the stillness.

“ Are ye there, Micky ? ”

“ I am.”

“ Well, there’s still a chance for ye, Micky.”

“ How’s that? ”

“ Hell’s full,” was the answer.

How everyone laughed !

Another time a very heavy tragedian was declaiming a speech at great length. “ Oh that I had a window in my breast, that men could see my thoughts,” he soliloquised.

“ Wouldn’t a pane in your belly do as well,” asked a gallery boy in tones of the greatest concern.

A very dull playlet was being performed which profoundly bored the audience, who were, however, quite taken with the pretty actress who enacted the part of the heroine. The leading man was the butt of the gallery from the very first moment he appeared. He ranted and raved, and the maudlin senti-

Things I can Tell

mentality of his lines exasperated the gods. "Ah—sister," he exclaimed, advancing with outstretched arms to the pretty heroine.

"Ain't she pretty?" broke in a rude voice from aloft, "ain't she pretty? and shouldn't I like to 'ah—sister.'"

I think some Irish stories take a lot of beating, and I remember once hearing a yarn about what happened to a young man on his honeymoon.

His wife was very sensitive about being taken for a newly-wedded bride, so she insisted on absolute secrecy being kept about their recent appearance at the altar.

The husband had an Irish servant, however, who was not tongue-tied, and he therefore gave Pat the strictest injunctions not to breathe the word "wedding" when they arrived at the hotel where they intended to put up.

All apparently went well ; the "old" luggage did not betray them ; they looked a perfectly self-possessed couple, if anything rather *blase* than otherwise, and the little wife was quite pleased with the success of her strategy.

A Honeymoon Incident

But next day, when the happy pair went down to breakfast, things had changed. On her way to the lift the bride noticed that certain of the chambermaids whom she passed regarded her with slightly scornful and amused curiosity; the lift man tried to be facetious; the hall porter eyed her with true Teutonic sentiment, but the climax was reached in the dining-room when the head waiter winked to one of his satellites.

After breakfast the husband interviewed Pat. "Look here, what have you been saying?" he demanded sternly. "I'm sure you have given the game away. Come, own up, you black-guard."

Pat protested his entire innocence, but it was of no avail; his master still repeated, "What have you been saying?"

"Well, yer honour," said Pat at last, "didn't ye distinctly tell me not to say ye was just married?"

"Yes, I certainly did."

"Well, I'll take me oath I never mentioned a word about it. All I did say was that ye

Things I can Tell

didn't intend to marry the lady till next month."

I remember a story of a certain Baron of German extraction who shall be nameless. He was a bit of a snob, and when he was standing for his constituency he thus addressed the meeting which, as usual, had an Irishman in its midst.

"My friends," exclaimed the Baron, "my title is of no mushroom growth, my grandfather was Baron, and my father was Baron. . . ." Then came the Irishman's chance.

"An' it's a great pity that yer mother wasn't Baron too," he shouted, to the joy of the meeting and the discomfiture of the titled alien.

Lady Pilkington had a friend who called to see her one day, accompanied by her poodle. On the way they met an old beggar woman, whose appearance so annoyed the dog that it promptly bit the mendicant, whose howls and lamentations terrified kind-hearted Lady Pilkington. "Here, my poor woman, here's ten shillings for you," she said

Lady Pilkington and the Beggar

nervously, tendering the coin. The old woman grabbed it and then fell on her knees in the middle of the road and started praying for all she was worth, regardless of mud or motors. "And people say the lower orders are irreligious and ungrateful," soliloquised her ladyship, who was quite touched by the exhibition. At last the supplications became more and more vehement, and curiosity prompted the donor to enquire what special blessings were being invoked. "What are you praying for?" said she.

The old vagrant stopped and looked at her sympathetic enquirer. "Sure an' I'm askin' the blessed Saints to persuade the crathur to bite me on the other leg!" she answered.

Talking of beggars reminds me of an old officer who never gave alms except to soldiers, but one of the regular mendicant fraternity determined to try his luck. He therefore marched up to the front door which he nearly banged down, but the Colonel, ensconced in an upper chamber, didn't take a bit of notice, for he saw to which profession his visitor belonged.

Things I can Tell

Weary Willie, who had got somewhat fatigued by playing an air and variations with the front door knocker, went round to the back entrance and started afresh there. Down came the Colonel in a fine rage. "How dare ye bang my door?" said he.

"Well yer honour, I thought maybe you'd help a poor man."

"Did ye? Well get off the premises at once. I've nothing for ye."

"Ah, but yer honour, I've been at the front. . ."

"That's another matter, here's a shilling for ye."

"Thanks, yer honour," said Weary, "I was a long time at the front . . . door." And with that he made tracks and bolted, leaving old Chutney doing the devil's own tattoo and using language that would stop a clock.

My grandfather, popularly known as "The old Lord," and my great-uncle, known as "The old Colonel," were both students at Trinity College, Dublin, in the days when heavy drinking was the fashion.

Gay Dogs

The Colonel used to boast that he had never been drunk in his life, but not so my grandfather, for, when the wine flowed freely, he was occasionally overcome. One evening these gay dogs had been at an ultra-convivial gathering, and, as they wended their way homeward, the Colonel suddenly became aware that Rossmore was missing, and when he looked back he saw him seated on the pavement, his back supported by a friendly lamp-post.

The Colonel retraced his steps. "Oh, get up, William," he said persuasively, as became a man who had a complete knowledge of after-dinner symptoms. "Get up, it's very late; we must be getting home."

Rossmore winked at his brother, and tried to look cunning. "I'm not such a fool as you take me for: I'm *waiting*," he replied, and he gripped the lamp-post with one arm as he spoke.

"What on all the earth are ye waiting for?" queried his bewildered brother.

"Well," said Rossmore, and he waved his

Things I can Tell

disengaged arm with a sweep which took in the whole of Dublin City. "Can't you see all these houses going round and round. I'm only waiting here for my lodgings to come, and then I'll just pop in."

This story has been dressed up in different disguises, but this is the original yarn. I sent it to *Punch* some time in the 'sixties, but the editor did not make use of it, and I was astonished to see it published later in *Fun*. I suppose it has travelled since then, but its birthplace is Ireland, and I can vouch that the man who waited to see his lodgings come round was my grandfather—and nobody else.

The late Lord Caledon, an old brother-officer of mine, was one of my most intimate friends, and, as he gave his friendship to few, I am very proud of having possessed it. Caledon was one of the bravest men I have ever met, and once when we were having a confidential talk, the conversation turned on boxing and fighting with the naked knuckles.

"Do you know," said Caledon, "that I once

Lord Caledon

happened to hear some prize-fighters assert that no gentleman could be found to stand the punishment of naked knuckles. I was so sick at this that I then and there challenged a well-known pugilist in order to show the 'fancy' that one gentleman at any rate was not afraid. My challenge was accepted, and we put ourselves into training and ultimately met in the drawing room of a friend's house.

"We fought that fight to a finish, until we were both at a standstill, and the referee gave it a draw after an hour's fight."

"Well fought," I cried, "but were you much damaged?"

"I was a bit," answered Caledon, as he pulled his nose right across his face, "but," he added reflectively, "the other chap was a little the worse for wear too, you can take my word for it."

"'Piper,' you're splendid," was all I could say. I doubt if he ever told this story of Irish pluck to anyone except Lord Ormonde and myself, but as a record of real grit I feel it deserves public recognition.

Things I can Tell

There is a not unamusing yarn about one of Caledon's rent audit dinners which I think is quite worth telling in the manner in which two farmers were heard relating it.

"How did ye get on at Lord Caledon's rent dinner?" asked the younger of the two.

"Be jabbers, a grand affair it was indeed wid his lordship at one end o' the table to carve for us, and his agent at the other, both of thim talking with the likes o' us all the while. Ah, it was beautiful to see the way he treated Misther O'Brien, the largest tenant on th' property. Misther O'Brien sat fourth down the table on his lordship's right, next to his own personal guests, to do Misther O'Brien honour, and so be that his lordship could properly converse with him.

"An' his lordship says, 'And what will ye be afther ating, Misther O'Brien?' and Misther O'Brien says, 'Just a morsel of that salted beef, and a few spuds, yer lordship.'

"An' his lordship cut him off five or six slices o' the salted beef, and, to do honour to Misther O'Brien, sent it round to him by his

A Rent Audit Dinner

own body sarvant. Misther O'Brien had no sooner got the plate in front of him than his lordship says to him :

“ ‘ And do you think it has been a good season for the crops ? ’ ”

“ An' Misther O'Brien, to do honour to his lordship, and the better properly to reply to him, laid down his knife and fork. No sooner did he do so than the footman whips the plate away.

“ Presently his lordship says to Misther O'Brien : ‘ You seem to be ating nothing,’ and Misther O'Brien says, ‘ Sartinley I don't be,’ and his lordship says, ‘ What will ye be afther takin' ? ’ ”

“ An' Misther O'Brien replies, ‘ Just a slice or two of that salted beef and a few spuds,’ and his lordship cut off nine or ten slices of beef and put a dozen spuds on the plate, and to show what he thought of Misther O'Brien, sent it to him by his own body sarvant, him as waited behind his lordship's chair.

“ An' his lordship, seeing as Misther O'Brien was well supplied, says to him :

Things I can Tell

“ ‘Misther O’Brien, do you think the cattle trade will hold good?’

“An’ Misther O’Brien, to do honour to his lordship and the better properly to reply to him, laid down his knife and fork. Directly he did so, round came the footman’s hand again and the plate was took.

“ ‘Misther O’Brien,’ says his lordship, ‘Ye be sartinley ating nothing.’

“And Mister O’Brien says, ‘NO, I be not.’ An’ his lordship says, ‘What will you have?’

“Misther O’Brien replies, ‘Just a slice of that salted beef, and a few spuds.’

“So his lordship cut off half the joint which was left and put about twenty spuds on a plate and sent it round to Misther O’Brien by his own body sarvant as stood behind his chair.

“An’ his lordship says to Misther O’Brien : ‘An’ do you think the hay crop was good?’

“An’ Misther O’Brien, to do honour to his lordship and the better properly to reply to him, laid down his *knife*, but, when that hand came round once more, with one jab of his fork he pinned it to the table.”

Back to Front

Another Dublin story which amused me when I heard it was about two working men who shared a room on the third floor of a lodging house. One night a fire broke out ; the room rapidly filled with smoke and James awoke, got out of his bed and went over to where Micky was sleeping. "Wake up," he shouted, "the house is afire and we'll have to fly for our lives."

Micky got up in double quick time, but the smoke was so dense that they could scarcely see each other and they had only just time to get partially dressed and rush downstairs ; in fact, Micky was so flustered that he actually put on his trousers back to front.

When they arrived downstairs, Micky looked at James and said in anguished tones : "Ah, James, whatever will I be afther doing, I must go back for me 'valuable'"—which meant I suppose the picture of either his mother, his sweetheart, or the Pope.

"If ye do," said James, "ye'll be burnt alive."

Well, Micky fought his way back, made for the cupboard and secured his "valuable," but

Things I can Tell

when he turned to go out, he was met by the forked flames.

“Ah, me goodness,” he cried, “I’ll be burnt sure enough now.”

He groped his way to the window and put his head out. Down below the neighbours were assembled, holding blankets for people to jump into, and directly he shouted, “I’ll be burnt,” they answered with one accord :

“Lep, Micky, lep, ye divil, at onst, or ye *will* be burnt.”

He leapt, was caught in the blanket, and was most tenderly put on the ground, for Micky was very popular. There were his friends crooning round, crying, “Ah Micky, darlin’, are ye dead? are ye hurt? have ye much broke?” and he, getting to his feet and feeling himself all over, said very slowly, “No, I don’t think I’ve got very much broke.”

And then, catching sight of the back to front trousers, he stopped speaking, scratched his head, and exclaimed in frightened tones : “Mother o’ Moses, bhoys, if there doesn’t seem to be a kind of a twist down here.”

CHAPTER V

I go into the army: Le Fleming of Tonbridge: .
Open confession: I join the 9th Lancers: Sugar
Candy's advice: "Goffy": Three weeks: The
untamable mustang: A swim for a "fiver":
Crowdy: The Irish double bank: "I can't stick
this any longer": "Goffy" breaks the bank. Bill
Beresford and I at Ousecliffe: The '48 Lafitte:
Sandhurst: Petty tyranny: A wrong system: We
rebel: "Fire!": Sir Duncan Cameron's breach of
faith: A desperate remedy: Things are altered:
Death of my brother, Lord Rossmore: A brilliant
career cut short: Sympathy shown by the late
Queen Victoria: "Rosie's" burial-place: A beau-
tiful spot: Jim Richardson: A hasty blow: I ex-
change into the 1st Life Guards: "Mollygatouche":
I "*Cham*" pain: The sequel: Dinner at Cottes-
more: An icy reception: The reason why: Lons-
dale sees fair play: The *amende honorable*: The
Westenra stammer again: I leave the army: I deter-
mine to enjoy life

It had always been an understood thing that I
was to go into the army, like my elder brother

Things I can Tell

"Rosie," so, on my return from Hanover, I was sent to Le Fleming of Tonbridge, a well-known crammer, who had a special knack of succeeding with "difficult" cases.

As I thought it was a million to one chances against my ever passing the army examination, I said to Le Fleming, "You seem to be a nice sort of man, and so I think I ought to tell you that I strongly advise you not to take me in here. I'll not bring you any credit; I've not worked for the last year, and I know next to nothing. That's my record."

He looked at me critically. "By Jove," he said, "you're truthful anyway, and I like you for it. Look here, will you work now?"

"Like a slave," I replied, "if you are really going to take me," and work I did, but after a week of it I went to Le Fleming and asked him if he would allow me to study all night, and sleep by day. "I can't do a stroke with all these others in the room," I told him. He agreed to my proposition, I passed in about three hundred out of six hundred, and I know Le Fleming was extremely pleased with me.

I Join the 9th Lancers

I couldn't get into the 9th Lancers at once as there was no vacancy, but we were told that one might possibly occur soon, as a "beauty" who had been foisted on the 9th by his civilian relation, then at the head of army affairs, was highly unpopular, and had been practically told that his room would be more appreciated than his company.

He *was* a beauty—no mistake about it. Colonel Fiennes, the commanding officer of the 9th Lancers, was one of the best, and on the first night that he met a newly-joined man at mess, he would hold up his glass and say, bowing to him, "Your health, Mr. Jones," or whatever the young officer's name was. Then a man felt that life was well worth living, and he usually bowed his delighted thanks to the Colonel. Not so this beauty (who by the way had black blood in him); he just sprang to his feet, and in response to the kind toast, rudely remarked, "By order," drank off his glass and sat down. This was the limit, for no man in his senses ever yet dared to fly in the face of a whole regiment and this was doing it

Things I can Tell

with a vengeance. However, I got my chance when this wrong 'un of wrong 'uns forged and was got rid of not a moment too soon.

I was staying with poor old "Sugar Candy," who had married my eldest sister, when I received orders to join my regiment at York. He came with me to Leicester Station and just before the train started I said to him, "Well now, Sugar, I'm just off to join your old regiment. Give me a parting word of advice." He replied at once without any beating about the bush. "Hold your blank tongue, and go to bed last," and with these instructions I commenced my military career in 1871.

I remembered Sugar Candy's words, and as a rule I never spoke unless I was spoken to. (Did I hear someone remark, "You've changed since then"?) My taciturn ways attracted Bill Beresford's notice, and he said to me, "You seem very quiet, old man, compared to the time when your sister married Sugar over at Rossmore, and I was his best man." I told Bill the instructions I had received and he was greatly amused. "By gad," he said, "that

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“ Goffy ”

was sensible advice, but how like Sugar to give it to somebody else!”

I think my few years in the 9th Lancers were about the happiest of my life ; the officers were the best of good fellows and I remember one in particular, “Smiler” Mackenzie (Seaforth), who was most kind to me and treated me like a younger brother.

There was another sub. there with me, a man called Gough, one of the soldier family, Irish, of course, and he and I had some fine times together.

The regiment was at the Autumn Manœuvres, and Goffy and I had been left behind to bring on some men later. He and I dined at the club every night and one evening when we were going back to barracks I proposed to walk back by the riverside. He said it couldn't be done, but anyhow we tried until the way came to an end at a bridge across the Ouse. Said Goffy, “I told you we couldn't,” but not to be beat I took a header and came up under an arch of the bridge, close to an old she-swan and her cygnets. Naturally she went for me

Things I can Tell

and if I hadn't dived, she would have drowned me then and there ; anyhow, directly I came up again she was at me for all she was worth. At last, horribly short of breath, I managed to reach the bank, and was pulled up by the helping hand of a policeman.

"Hullo," said he, "I've got you now. What are you doing with these swans ?"

"Better ask the swan what she's doing with me," I replied.

"Yes, I must allow," he answered, "that's wot it seemed to me, but 'owever did she get you in ?"

Goffy came up at that moment, more explanations ensued, and we were allowed to proceed to barracks, but the guard smiled as we went through the gate to bed.

Another evening we saw a lot of loose horses, belonging to a travelling circus, in a field off the high road, and we determined to catch one and ride it. We caught the beast all right, but as soon as Goffy got on its back, it commenced to buck, twist, rear, and kick, and down came old Goffy with a thud. I

A Swim for a "Fiver"

thought I might manage it, but exactly the same thing happened to me and we found out subsequently that the creature was billed as "The Untamable Mustang" and was an expert chucker-off.

We were rather sick of the joke, so we turned our attention to the river which lay like silver in the demi-semi-quavering moonlight. "Goffy, can you swim?" I asked. "Yes, I think so," he answered. "Well, come on, the first across for a fiver." "Done," said Goffy, and off we went. I chanced it and took a header into a shallow part, cut my hands on the stones, but anyhow came out first on the other side. We then swam back, and espying a boat anchored in mid-stream we clambered in, and sang "A Life on the Ocean Wave" with great gusto, but we danced with such vigour that the bottom of the boat gave way, and we sank in the cold yielding waters, which were then in flood.

"Goffy," I said, "the current seems uncommonly strong, let's make for the bridge yonder." We tried for all we were worth, and just

Things I can Tell

managed to make the shore. I remember we were cheered on the bank by some navvies, and when we were pulled out more dead than alive, the good chaps insisted on pouring so much porter down our throats that even Jack Porter Porter (who married a cousin of mine) couldn't have stood it.

Goffy and I were all alone in barracks for a few weeks just then, and we certainly enjoyed ourselves, once at the expense of Crowdy, our riding master, who caught Goffy on his first charger, a rare good hunter, charging at some wooden palings right into Crowdy's little plot of garden where the French bean crop was just then greatly in evidence. He got horribly angry, and to make matters worse the very next day he caught us jacketless in the "school" putting the bar a bit too high for Goffy's polo pony to jump. We were in a fine state, covered in tan and dust, and Crowdy let fly again. "What are you doing here? How did you get the key?"

Soon after that Crowdy put up a big Irish double in a regimental *manège*. Our band-

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“Goffy” Breaks the Bank

master, Jones, two Militia officers, Goffy, and myself were sent there to do riding school and Corporal Carroll told Goffy he was to lead us round the fences, but on no account to jump the double bank, which, being only newly built, had not had time to set properly. Goffy went the round, time after time, but at last when he neared the double bank he shouted, “Derry, old man, I can’t stick this any longer.”

With that he went bang at the big double, amid frantic yells from the Corporal ; his horse got half-way up the bank, then the whole side gave way, and as I thrust my mare at it, all I saw was Goffy’s face, with a broad smile on it, in the near ditch. I managed to get my mare to the top, and with much fumbling and slithering she at last got her two fore-legs over the far side of the bank ; her hind-legs slipped down over the near side and she was powerless to help herself as she had no purchase or foot-hold.

At this moment, who should appear at the entrance gate but Crowdy himself, and the yell he let out was even heard by the buried Goffy. I knew I was in for it, but somehow I pushed

Things I can Tell

and pulled and got the mare over the far side, jumped into the saddle and galloped off to barracks, determined that Crowdy should not interview me.

There *was* a scene. Crowdy's bank was entirely ruined, and as they had to dig Goffy and his moke out, he could not get back for nearly an hour, and so had to put up with unlimited abuse from Crowdy during the time digging operations were in progress. However, he did not report us and our eventful three weeks came to an end with Goffy's departure for the manœuvres.

I often used to go out with dear old Bill Beresford, who was a hard rider, like all of his family, and was nearly always breaking some bone or other, although, thank goodness, he forgot his neck. He was a rare good sort, who never had any ready money as he never could keep it, but I know of many acts of kindness which he performed and which he hated anyone to talk about.

Bill and I sometimes went out to dine with the Claytons of Ousecliffe, who were most

The '48 Lafitte

charming, hospitable people, and once when York Races were on, George Payne, "Mate" Astley, and Admiral Rous were dining there, and I was included in the party. After dinner "Greenwood" Clayton, who had a renowned cellar of claret (which he would never warm for some reason), asked Payne what claret he'd like to drink, mentioning some well-known vintages.

"Well, Clayton," said Payne, "I cannot do better than leave it to you," a resolution which was seconded by the Admiral and the "Mate."

Said Greenwood, "There's a d——n boy here, in the 9th, let's ask him."

"I know very little about it," I put in; "but if you want my opinion, well, I'm for the '48 Lafitte which we had a little while back; it's about the best claret I've ever tasted."

"Bravo young 'un," cried Payne, "let's have the '48 Lafitte."

"Didn't I tell you that Westenra is the most d——n boy I've ever met?" asked Clayton.

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The claret was a bit full-bodied for them, but I finished what was left, and thoroughly enjoyed it. What delightful dinners we had at Ousecliffe! I met many well-known people there, and I am glad to say that our hostess, Mrs. Clayton, is still to the fore.

I don't think anything very exciting happened when I was at York. I led the usual existence of the young officer and thoroughly enjoyed every day of my life.

When I joined the army it was the custom for a man to go into a regiment for a year, and, after that, to be sent back to school at Sandhurst. It was some stupid civilian scheme, and the place was then just like a bad sort of public school with regular masters, and everyone thoroughly detested it; in fact, we felt it was quite impossible to let the thing go on.

There was a regular system of petty tyranny which was unbearable; one young officer was sent away for using a big D, another was expelled for destroying a sofa cushion during

The Sandhurst System

a bear fight. Briefly, we decided to rebel and to "do something." We boys used to assemble in Lord Arthur Butler's room, and there hold indignation meetings, and at one heated gathering I announced that I could not and would not stand it, and that although I knew I should get it hot and strong from my people, I had decided to leave the army.

We all sat very quiet, thinking and planning, and that night Jack Strachey and "Briggs" (poor dear Lord Douglas Gordon) came to my room, and as the latch of my door had fallen by mistake they imagined I had kept my word and "hooked it." This enraged them further against the system which had, as they imagined, led to my departure, so without more ado they set light to one of the doors in the passage, in a mad endeavour to burn the hateful place down. This seems a most blackguardly action to have even contemplated, much less to have attempted to carry out, but it must be urged in extenuation that we were all worked up and did not weigh the consequences of anything that we imagined was

Things I can Tell

in the nature of a protest against the tyranny of the authorities.

The flames mounted into the next story, where they were promptly extinguished by an instructor, and the next day we were all summoned to appear before the Governor, Sir Duncan Cameron.

Sir Duncan was a most unpopular officer, who once commanded some men in New Zealand who ran away in a fight, and were ever afterwards contemptuously spoken of as "The Scarlet Runners." He commenced by saying that if the officer or officers who were guilty of the "outrage" would confess, he would not report the matter, and when my friends did confess, like gentlemen, our honourable Governor straightway broke his given word, took the next train up to London, and reported the whole affair to the Duke of Cambridge.

I was so enraged at Sir Duncan's breach of faith, that I "saw red" and determined to make an attempt to set fire to the college myself. The Governor at once called another meeting ;

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My Brother's Death

he was perfectly furious, and declared that if the man who had been guilty of this second outrage didn't immediately give himself up, he would stop the leave of the whole college, and would make us patrol our passage all night. Of course I wanted to give myself up, but my pals wouldn't hear of it, and, as the wish was unanimous, I was never found out. This last effort to burn down the college showed the authorities that the whole system was wrong, and, in consequence of our rebellion, things were soon afterwards altered. I don't defend our conduct, it was dastardly in the extreme, but as good resulted from the evil we wrought, I think the end perhaps justified the means.

About the close of my time at Sandhurst came one of the most awful blows which I have experienced in my life, and which even now, when years have elapsed, is still a poignantly tragic memory. I refer to the death of my poor elder brother ("Rosie" to us and to his many friends), which happened in 1874.

One day as I entered the Raleigh Club I was handed a telegram which said my elder

Things I can Tell

brother had met with a bad accident, and instinctively I knew somehow that it was all up with him.

The dreadful accident which cut short a life so full of promise occurred at the Windsor Steeplechases ; Rosie was riding, his horse fell and rolled over him, and for days he lay in agony until death mercifully released him. He was the best of brothers, and a charming personality : handsome, young, beloved by everyone, and it seemed hard to understand the wisdom of Providence when we saw that young life cut short.

The late Queen Victoria was driving by and saw the whole thing, and she was so shocked and grieved that she forbade any more steeple-chasing to take place there, a truly gracious and womanly act of sympathy, and one which my family can never forget.

Rosie lies in our mausoleum at Rossmore, which is so beautifully situated that it may well be said to make one in love with Death. It is approached by a gradually ascending yew-bordered drive which terminates at the summit



The Rossmore Family Mausoleum.

“Rosie’s” Burial Place

of the hill on which the mausoleum is built. All around it are trees, and the silence is only broken by the sound of falling water which makes a rapid descent over the rocks which form the boundary on one side of the burying ground. I think this quiet God’s acre is at its loveliest in the springtime, when the mossy ground is golden with daffodils, and everything speaks of the resurrection in nature which follows the passing of winter, and which strengthens one’s belief in the Resurrection of the Dead and the Life Everlasting.

I became Lord Rossmore through poor Rosie’s death, and I remember what occurred when our old butler, Jim Richardson, who had been with our father long before we were born, first called me “My lord.” Before I knew what I was doing, I struck him in the face, and then, when we realised the horror of my brother’s death, and why I had succeeded to the title, we both broke down. Old Jim was a faithful servant, and he is buried on that peaceful hill close to the two masters whom he served so well.

I was so unnerved by the tragedy that I

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was fit for nothing, and I was given some months' leave, which I spent in the Hartz Mountains.

On my return to England I was informed privately that there was a wish on the part of the officers of the 1st Life Guards that I should join the regiment and fill the vacancy caused by Rosie's death. This compliment to his memory seemed to leave no other reply than the affirmative, and so I exchanged from the 9th Lancers to the Guards.

One day, when I was orderly officer at Windsor, the late Lord Lonsdale, generally known as "Mollygatouche," came down with Walter Harbord, and I entertained them at lunch, and as we only had one bottle of champagne we could not be accused of doing ourselves too well. Anyhow, during the afternoon "Mollygatouche" returned covered with mud, and informed me that his horse had fallen over a gate and rolled on him. This, coming so soon after Rosie's death, frightened me; I made him lie down on the sofa in my room and sent in hot haste for our regimental

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Lord Lonsdale

surgeon, Owen George. He looked at "Mollygatouche" and said to me briefly, "Well, I thought you'd have known when a man had had a drop too much." After that the sufferer confessed that he had partaken of a second lunch with some young fellows from his crammer's, and that Owen George was perfectly correct in his diagnosis.

"Don't give me away, Derry," concluded "Molly," "for if you do, it will interfere with my chances of getting into the regiment." Of course I promised secrecy, and although for some reason the Colonel wouldn't have him in the First, still it was not due to this incident, which had a curious sequel some years afterwards.

I was hunting from Somerby and met the present Lord Lonsdale, who was then living with his mother and sisters at Cottesmore. As the meet was from Cottesmore on the following day, Hugh asked me to come over and dine and sleep at his place, and promised me a mount in the morning.

I arrived in time for dinner, and it was the

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most unpleasant meal I ever sat through. Lady Lonsdale barely spoke to me; her daughters did not appear at all, and after dinner she retired immediately.

I was completely at a loss to account for this treatment, and I told Hugh that I felt I must leave the house at once. "Whatever has made your mother behave like this to me?" I asked.

"Well, Derry," said Hugh, "I suppose it is because she can't forgive you for having made 'Mollygatouche' drunk at Windsor."

I stared at him, and then I realised that someone must have talked, and that the blame of "Mollygatouche's" lapse had been put upon my shoulders. I was very indignant, and I told Lonsdale the whole truth about the incident. Hugh was quite upset when he learnt what had actually happened, but like the lover of fair play that he is, he went at once to his mother's bedroom, woke her up and insisted upon telling her how she had misjudged me.

Lady Lonsdale made the most delightful *amende honorable* by appearing at early break-

The Westenra Stammer

fast, when she was absolutely charming to me and completely made up for the disagreeable dinner of the night before.

I remained in the 1st Life Guards till 1876, when I left the regiment for the principal reason that I stammered so dreadfully when I tried to give the word of command to a body of men. And army life became in consequence an ordeal to me.

Thus the Westenra stammer, like most heir-looms, had its disadvantages. My five years in the Army had been pleasant ones, and I had nothing to complain of. I found myself in the year I retired from the Guards the owner of a fine property and a good income. I had likewise excellent health and the Irishman's capacity to enjoy life, so it is small wonder that I threw myself into the pursuit of pleasure and determined to have a thorough good time.

CHAPTER VI

I meet Mrs. Cornwallis-West : "She was a vision of delight when first she broke upon my sight" : The eventful dance : Kissing the Blarney Stone : Nesselrode : Caroline Duchess of Montrose : Some stories about her : Consuelo Duchess of Manchester : Her charm as a *raconteuse* : The late King Edward, a delighted listener : "A real Duchess" : Some Mark Twain stories : Mrs. Ronalds : Penelope Cavendish Bentinck : The late Duchess of Teck : "How's poor old Francis?" : The Duke of Connaught and the foot-warmer : Knowledge is power : The Archbishop of "Cork" and the Archbishop of York

I NOW propose to try to remember some amusing things about the many charming women, and the many real good fellows I have met.

I think the loveliest woman I have ever set eyes on (my wife of course excepted) was Mrs. Cornwallis-West. The first time I saw her was

Mrs. Cornwallis-West

at Ascot when I was on the coach belonging to the 1st Life Guards. Suddenly my attention was arrested by the appearance of a lady who was walking in my direction, and who was accompanied by half-a-dozen men. I thought her the most beautiful creature imaginable, and, dressed in white and wearing a big white hat, she was perfectly delightful to look at, and I cried out impulsively, greatly to the amusement of my brother-officers, "Good heavens! Who's that?"

A chorus of remarks instantly arose. "Why, that's Mrs. Cornwallis-West," "Nobody her equal," "Beats Lillie Langtry hollow," and then in unison, "Surely you know Mrs. West?"

"No," I replied, still all eyes for the lady; "but it won't be my fault if I don't know her very soon."

The late King, who was then Prince of Wales, gave a ball that night to which our party was invited, and greatly to my delight I saw Mrs. West there. She had looked beautiful in her white gown, but she looked ten times more lovely in her ball array, and I

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simply couldn't take my eyes off her. She was talking to Miss Sartoris, with whom I was acquainted, so I went up to her and said boldly : " Will you introduce me ? "

" H-m," replied Miss Sartoris, " I don't know whether Mrs. West wants to know you."

" Never mind, I'll introduce myself." So I turned to Mrs. West and said with true Derry-daring, " Come on, let's have a dance."

" Well, and I will, yer honour," she replied with the most tremendous " put on " brogue.

Off we went. I was in the seventh heaven, but I noticed that the floor seemed strangely empty. However, I was too happy to trouble about any reasons why other people were not dancing, until I bumped into no less a personage than the Princess of Wales. Then the truth dawned on me. H.R.H. was dancing, which accounted for the empty floor.

Goodness gracious ! how I was hauled over the coals by my indignant family for this unwitting breach of etiquette, but I must say that Mrs. Cornwallis-West was enough to make any man forget everybody and everything.

Kissing the Blarney Stone

The water has indeed flowed under the bridges since that day at Ascot, but occasionally, when I review the past, I like to conjure up the vision of Mrs. Cornwallis-West as I first saw her. Many Society beauties have come and gone, but I think that few, if any, have ever equalled her.

This eulogy reads as though I had been kissing the Blarney Stone, and that reminds me of a story about a certain well-known American Duchess, who was returning to England after a visit to Ireland.

"Have you seen the Blarney Stone?" a friend asked her.

"Yes, certainly I have," she replied.

"Well," said a man who hoped to get a rise out of her, "they do say that the virtues of the Blarney Stone can be conveyed to another by a kiss."

"I guess that may be, but I don't know anything about it, because I sat on it," she answered.

I wonder how many people who see *Pouding à la Nesselrode* on the menu ever wonder

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why it was so called. Nesselrode was a Russian, an honorary member of the Turf Club, and a great fat man with a sepulchral voice. He was a noted *bon viveur*, and various plats (including the well-known pudding) were named after him. Nesselrode was a very droll person, and Arthur Coventry and I used often to dine at the Turf Club for the purpose of indulging in a hearty laugh at his expense.

“I 'ates ven I goes to an Engleesh shoot to 'ear ze cry of ‘Gog! Gog’” (meaning a woodcock). “Do you know vot I do ven I 'ears ze cry?” he once observed.

“No idea,” we said.

“Vell, I lie flat down on my stomach, zen I am secure.”

“Do you, by Jove?” remarked Bully Oliphant, eyeing Nesselrode's prominent tummy. “Well, what of it—you're just as tall then aren't you?”

I knew Caroline Duchess of Montrose fairly well, and I remember once when she was at Monte Carlo that she had an awful row with a man about some money and they both argued

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Caroline Duchess of Montrose

in a very heated manner. Said Caroline at last with extreme hauteur, "do you realise that I am the Duchess of Montrose?"

"Are you really?" answered the man, "well, from your talk I should have taken you for the Duchess of Billingsgate."

The Duchess could be both amusing and witty when she chose, but she was slightly disputatious. Calthorpe was one of those with whom she often quarrelled; in fact they used to have battles *à l'outrance* over racing, but an invitation to dinner, as a sort of olive branch, invariably followed one of these rows.

Old Craw, the Duchess's husband, had some excellent claret, and as Calthorpe knew it, he always did himself very well when he came to dine. One evening the claret was a little too much for him and when he was saying good-bye, and shaking hands with his hostess, he slipped down on his knees. Quick as lightning Caroline turned to him and said, "Ah, Fred, so you're on your knees to me at last!"

I knew the late Consuelo Duchess of

Things I can Tell

Manchester very well. She was a pretty and amusing woman who was rarely guilty of saying a stupid thing, and King Edward was always greatly entertained with her talents as a *raconteuse*.

I remember hearing her tell a story of how a young American girl burst into a hotel room one day waving a letter in tremendous excitement and shouting, "Hooray, hooray, ain't it glorious!"

"What on all the earth's the matter?" asked everybody. "What's glorious?"

"I'm just real happy," she cried, doing a dance round the room. "Here's Poppa been bitten by a mad dog and we're off to Paris in the morning. Ain't it glorious!"

I suppose I need hardly explain, even to the rising generation, that "Poppa" intended to go to Paris to consult Pasteur, the great dog-bite man.

On the first occasion I was asked to dine with Consuelo, I chose to imagine that her address was 45 Portland Place, instead of 45 Portman Square, so I stupidly drove to the

Consuelo Duchess of Manchester

wrong house. It had a deserted shut-up look and when the butler appeared after a long interval I said, "The Duchess of Manchester lives here, doesn't she?"

"No," he replied.

"Well," said I, still confusing Portland with Portman, "d'ye think it could be Portland Street?"

He eyed me with the critical, comprehensive look of a butler who reads his *Morning Post*, and said coldly :

"No, sir, certainly not—not if she's a *real* Duchess."

Consuelo had a marked American accent, which she used to intensify when she told anyone about the Yankee magnate who observed, "I'm tired of life—I want to die," and when his friends anxiously enquired, "Why? Have you committed any great sin?" he replied, "No, I haven't, but I'm just tired of all this buttoning and unbuttoning."

The Duchess was a great friend of Mark Twain, and knew many anecdotes concerning him. Mark told her about his first essay at

Things I can Tell

riding, when he was mounted on a biting, kicking animal whose one idea was to see how high it could hoist Mark. "I went ever so high," said he, "'cos I passed birds, and when I came down, the horse wasn't there."

Once when funds were low Mark Twain is said to have started a travelling freak show, and at one town he enlisted the sympathy of the Mayor, who promised to attend with all the local big-wigs. Now Mark had a drunken relation who most inopportunately turned up and insisted on taking part in the performance.

"Mark," said he, "I guess I'm going to have a part."

"For Heaven's sake, don't insist," cried Mark.

"Wal, I just *will*."

"What part will you take?" asked Mark in despair.

"Wal, I guess I like to figure as the bearded lady," and Mark, for the sake of peace, had to agree.

Everything went well that evening until the

The Bearded Lady

bearded lady appeared. He was drunk as usual, and all Mark could do was to look resigned. Anyhow that bearded lady played old Harry with everything—but the climax was reached when the performer stood on his head and disclosed his sex by showing his—boots.

Mark told Consuelo that he was “great” on rat-killing, so the Duchess gave him a spade and the loan of a ferret, and said there were a lot of rats in some stables near the house. After two hours had elapsed, Consuelo went out to see what had become of Mark, and found him standing in the ruins of her partially demolished stables. “Well, Mark,” she enquired, “how many rats have you killed?”

“How many, Duchess? Wal, if I’d got the one I wanted, and the one I’ve been after all this time I guess I should have killed two.”

The following is one of the best Yankee stories I have ever heard. An American was re-visiting the scene of a terrible battle he had been through and he recognised a hut to which he had crawled after the fight, and where the occupier, a handsome coloured woman, had

Things I can Tell

given him food and shelter. He went down to renew his acquaintance with his benefactress and found her alive and flourishing.

"Good day," said he, "isn't this the place where the famous battle was fought which lasted two days, and—don't you remember me?"

"No, sah," she replied. "I remember the battle, but I don't remember you."

"Come, come," he remarked, "don't you remember a man crawling in here about four o'clock on the second day of the battle, and you giving him some bread?"

The woman looked at him intently, and then asked very slowly, "Are you quite sure that you are de gentleman who came in here 'bout four o'clock ob the second day ob de great battle?"

"Yes," he answered solemnly, "I swear it's the truth."

Then the benefactress called to someone in the next room, "Lucinda, my girl, come in here right away. *HERE'S YOUR PA.*"

Another American lady I knew was Mrs.

Mrs. Ronalds

Ronalds, whom I first met at a dance given by Mrs. Candy at 16 Park Lane. She knew my sister, who called her Fanny, and as I thought Fanny was a very pretty name I said to her, "I think I'll call you Fanny too." Mrs. Ronalds hadn't the least idea who I was, and she said half laughingly, "Well, I declare I never saw such a person." Just then I caught sight of the reflection in a mirror of my other sister, Mrs. Stirling, who was about to enter the room. "I'll do more than call you Fanny," I continued, "I'll kiss the next woman who comes in."

Mrs. Ronalds looked perfectly horrified. "You won't," she gasped.

"Won't I? Just see." With that I wheeled round and catching Norah in my arms, I gave her a kiss.

I believe Mrs. Ronalds must have thought that her hostess was entertaining a madman unawares, but when the relationship of Mrs. Stirling and myself was explained, she enjoyed the joke as much as anyone.

The late Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, better

Things I can Tell

known as "Penelope," was a woman of boundless resource and energy. I remember being at a ball in Connaught Place where she had taken her daughter Venetia, but, unfortunately, the band never turned up. The hostess was in despair, but the dauntless Penelope decided that her girl at any rate shouldn't be done out of her dance if she could help it. So she donned a long cloak, hailed a "growler," and told the man to drive her round to the various public houses where she was most likely to find some musicians. Her instructions were carried out and she returned in triumph with a scratch orchestra, who rose to the occasion, and the might-have-been-put-off ball went merrily on until four in the morning.

I remember a meeting between Penelope and "Erly" Clonmell when Jim Lowther gave a dance at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, Dublin, for Venetia Cavendish Bentinck, now Mrs. Arthur James.

I was talking to Penelope and her sister, Lady Waterford, when Lord Clonmell came

The Duchess of Teck

up and asked Venetia to dance. When he brought her back to her mother he said very solemnly and confidentially, "I say, Penelope, look at this gal, she's quite good-looking, isn't she?" Then after a pause, "But, by gad, Penelope, do you remember what a d——d ugly child she was."

The late Duchess of Teck was a charming lady and the loss of her genial personality has left a distinct gap in the Royal Family. I always think that she looked and played her part to perfection : handsome, full of tact, and possessed of a keen sense of humour, Princess Mary was beloved by everyone with whom she came in contact.

The Duchess was lunching one day with my sister Norah, and as Stirling was unable to be present, I was deputed to act as host.

For some unknown reason the luncheon hung fire. Her Royal Highness, usually so genial, barely spoke, and my sister seemed quite at a loss to get the ball of conversation rolling. I was racking my brains to find an interesting topic when suddenly I overheard

Things I can Tell

Princess Mary say something about "Francis." I hadn't the least idea how the subject had started, but I thought it afforded me an excellent opening, so I said, "Oh, ma'am, and how is dear old Francis?"

Everybody burst out laughing, and the Duchess mopped her eyes with her handkerchief; then it dawned on me what the joke signified. I meant Francis Knollys, but her Royal Highness had alluded to the Duke of Teck. However, "dear old Francis" broke the ice, and the conversation flowed freely afterwards.

The Duchess of Connaught greatly appreciates a joke, and is always ready to listen to an amusing story. We were once staying with the Abercorns when the Duke and Duchess of Connaught honoured them with a visit, and my hostess said to me, "Now I count on you to amuse the Duchess after dinner." I had no great opinion of my unaided efforts, so I persuaded another man to second me, and we told the Duchess some of our best stories, which she seemed to enjoy.

The Duke and the Porter

"Well, Lord Rossmore," said she, "I think it is my turn to try to relate something funny, so I'll tell you what happened to the Duke and myself coming up here. At every station where the train stopped a porter came to our carriage with a foot-warmer and at last the Duke got so annoyed that, forgetting the same thing had occurred all down the line, he said to the man: 'Go away, I've told you three or four times already that I *won't* have a foot-warmer.'

"'Ach, Duke darlin', don't be angry,' answered the porter. 'Sure an' it's stone cold.'"

Some people have the knack of always doing and saying the right thing at the right moment. As an instance of this I remember a dog-fight in Bond Street when two terriers belonging to two well-known ladies engaged in a regular bloodthirsty tussle. Naturally a crowd collected, but although many suggestions of how to "stop it" were made, nobody attempted to put them into effect, and the combatants growled and bit in deadly earnest. The distracted

Things I can Tell

ladies alternately made tearful appeals to their favourites and to the bystanders, but just as the fight seemed about to terminate in the sudden death of one of the animals, a *blase* looking individual of the type known as a "masher," elbowed his way through the crowd with a polite "Allow me."

He calmly surveyed the two dogs, which were by this time locked in each other's teeth; then he produced a handsome gold snuff-box, and taking a pinch from it, he dropped a little on the end of each dog's nose. A fit of sneezing ensued which compelled them to release their grip, and the combat terminated. With a polite bow to the ladies the strategist walked leisurely away, merely remarking with a lisp, "Knowledge is Power."

One evening I drove Lord Marcus Beresford to Lady Ripon's ball in Carlton House Terrace, but as I was uncertain of the number, I told my coachman to stop at the house where a dance was going on.

We had both dined, but were quite well, thank you, and just in the right form to enjoy

The Two Archbishops

ourselves when we arrived. A pompous butler met us at the top of the staircase and said :

“ What names, if you please ? ”

A lady, not Lady Ripon, was standing at the top of the stairs receiving the guests, but this did not surprise me, as I imagined that our hostess was probably indisposed and had deputed someone to receive for her. I was just going to give my name, when Markie observed to the butler in an awful brogue.

“ What’s my name? Ye’ll go and pretend ye don’t know who oi am, will ye? ’Pon my word ! ”

The man tried hard to keep a straight face.

“ I’m sure I ought to know your name, sir, but I’ve really forgotten it—please tell me.”

“ Man alive,” cried Marcus, “ well, my goodness me ! Don’t ye know me, oi’m the Archbishop of York.”

This was the last straw for the butler, who choked with mirth as he turned his face away.

“ Sir, I can’t say it, I really *can’t*.”

Things I can Tell

He then begged me to give my name, and pointed out that we were blocking up the staircase and preventing the new arrivals from coming up. Said I, with even a more pronounced brogue, "Ah, now I can perhaps understand ye momentarily forgetting my friend of York, but I'll never believe ye can look me in the face and say ye don't know *me*."

"Indeed, sir, I don't know you."

"Gracious man," I shouted, "I'm the Archbishop of Cork."

Everyone was in fits of laughter, and the enraged lady at the top of the stairs wasted no more time, but deserted her post, and we all bustled up anyhow.

The two Archbishops made their way to the ballroom, where they encountered a little man of the name of Walmesley. "Hullo," says "Cork." "I haven't seen you for ages! Never thought we'd meet again at Lady Ripon's."

"But this isn't Lady Ripon's ball," he replied, looking surprised.

"Here, Markie," I called, "here's a nice

The Wrong House

thing, Walmesley says this is not Lady Ripon's ball."

"Oho," said Markie ; "well, my brave boy, you'd better steer off quietly."

Just then a cousin of Marcus, George Beresford, came by, and Marcus appealed to him. "Hi! George, here's Walmesley declaring that this is not Lady Ripon's."

"And no more it is," answered George. "Her house is round the corner ; this is Lady Clifton's."

Well, you should have seen how quickly the two Archbishops got out of the ballroom, and almost skipped over to Lady Ripon's, where they had a good laugh over the idiotic way they had behaved at the wrong house.

CHAPTER VII

Jimmy Davis: The wonderful William: "Smoked 'addock, my lord": Duels: Still they come: Bessie Bellwood at 'supper: The late Lady Meux: Her vagaries: A dinner at Kettner's: Peter does likewise: Pratt's Club: Briggs' eggs and bacon: He reports me to the Committee. The late Lord Dufferin's courtesy: The late Lord Winchilsea: Some stories about the late Viscount Massereene and Ferrard: "What's yours?": The farmer sees double: Massereene's best epitaph: Charlie Western and I at the theatre: "Take a lemon": Peter's wife's mother's family: Daubeney's and Eaglesfield's: An early tub: The tell-tale umbrella: An apology in rhyme: An awkward meeting with King Edward: His wonderful tact: A garden party at Marlborough House: A dinner party at Hyde Park House: Why the King left in a hurry: His charming disposition

JIMMY DAVIS was one of the most delightful Bohemians I have ever met. Poor Jimmy, he was nobody's enemy but his own, and I must say that he was a really generous Jew; we

The Wonderful William

used to have such merry gatherings at his house that Lord Mandeville, my brother, and I once remained under his roof until the next morning. On that occasion I woke up feeling very fit and quite ready for breakfast, so I rang the bell, which was answered by William, the butler.

William was a model servant, but he had a supercilious manner which used rather to "raw" me. He played an important part in the household, and it was popularly supposed that he retained the early morning services of a medical man to fix up any disasters which might have happened to the guests on the preceding night.

"Good morning, William," I said briskly.

"Good morning, my lord."

"Quite early, isn't it?"

"Well. . . . not *so* early, my lord."

"H'm, I thought it was. Anyhow, I'll get up and have some breakfast. I suppose nobody's down yet?"

"Oh yes, my lord, your brother and Lord Mandeville have breakfasted some time ago."

Things I can Tell

“Bother them. I thought I’d be first. What did they have, William?”

“Smoked ’addock, my lord.”

“Did they?” I cried. “What a drunkard’s breakfast! What do you think I had better have, William?”

He eyed me coldly, but not unkindly, and then said with marked meaning. “Smoked ’addock, my lord.”

About this time I nearly followed in my father’s footsteps and fought a “political” duel with an Irishman whose name is well known as a writer.

He happened to be at Jimmy Davis’s, and was cracking up Gladstone’s Home Rule measure, when I said, speaking as an Irish landlord, “Look here, you must be a fool to praise old Gladstone.”

He turned round sharply. “Fool yourself,” he answered. With that I promptly boxed his ears; he threw something at me; our friends thereupon intervened, and he left vowing vengeance.

I thought no more about the matter until one

Duels

morning, three weeks later, when I was staying with my mother, Menelly (my old soldier servant) came into my bedroom and said, "There's a tall man just come, my lord, who pushed past me and says he'll wait to see you."

"All right, give him the paper and tell him I won't keep him long," I replied.

When I went down, I found my strange visitor was an offensive, dictatorial individual who introduced himself as the Irish writer's second.

"I have come to demand an apology," he said gravely.

"I'll be d——d before I apologise," I cried.

"Then," said he, "I must ask for the names of your *témoins*. I have come over from Paris, and let us treat this affair in a Parisian manner."

"Oh, shut up," I answered. "You are an ignorant *boulevardier*, and I won't treat with you, for if you knew as much about duelling matters as you pretend to, you'd know that the time limit is passed."

Things I can Tell

"Then, my lord, I will go to your club and denounce you as a coward."

"Sir, you can go to my club whenever you please, but from the shape and make of you, nobody will think it a disgrace to be denounced by you. Leave my mother's house at once!"

He collapsed, and then begged me to allow him to see somebody over the affair. I therefore passed him on to Sugar Candy, who, together with Mandeville, argued the matter out, and at last the incident ended in a mutual apology.

Sugar was rather angry with me and said that I had wasted his valuable time over a very foolish business. But he was still destined to waste his time over my quarrels, as a few nights afterwards I got into an argument with "Chicken" Hartopp at the Park Club. Chicken seemed to think that I doubted his word and said angrily, in a way that invited retort, "Then, I'm a liar?"

"Take it as you like," I replied.

Chicken at once got up and said "I'd better go, for if I stay, I'll put you across

More Duels

my knee and break your back," whereupon I made a very irritating remark.

"After this you'll have to meet me ; to whom shall I send ? " asked Chicken with icy politeness. A spirit of devilment possessed me and remembering my brother-in-law's attitude over my previous "affair," I said, "Oh, send to Sugar Candy."

It was then 3 a.m. and I went round to the Sackville Street Hotel where Sugar was staying and woke him up. He was furious with me.

"What the mischief do you want now ? "

"I've got a duel coming off with Chicken," I said. "Will you be my second ? "

"Well, of all the infernal cheek ! " replied Sugar. "I wish you'd go away and leave me alone instead of disturbing me at this hour. Three days ago I wasted a whole afternoon over your rotten duel, and now you have the consummate audacity to come here and tell me you want to shoot my best friend ! Confound it all, go to bed, and leave me alone."

I got out, and it almost goes without saying

Things I can Tell

that Sugar arranged my second duel as satisfactorily as he had settled the first.

Sugar Candy was one of the best men to hounds in England, and he had broken every bone in his body (his back and neck alone excepted) steeplechasing. He was excellent company, until he became an invalid, and when he married my sister he was a very handsome man. He was a good friend and a bad enemy, but a thorough sportsman.

Talking about Sugar reminds me that my sister Kathleen (Mrs. Candy) and her friend Emily Ysanga were very curious to see Bessie Bellwood, then in the height of her popularity, and they accordingly invited her to supper at Kathleen's house in Sackville Street.

Bessie and her sister turned up, but they were too dull and proper for words, and Kathleen and Emily were very disappointed. Luckily Emily began to tell some of her inimitable stories, which quickly melted the ice, and Bessie's sister exclaimed between her shrieks of laughter, "Lord luv' me, I 'avn't larfed at anythink so much since muvver died."

The Late Lady Meux

After that the Bellwoods rose to the occasion and all went well.

The late Lady Meux, whom I first knew as Valerie Rees, was another Bohemian friend of mine. She was a strange, fascinating creature with more than a spice of the devil in her, but a good sort notwithstanding. She was a woman who would not brook any kind of interference, and her record in the world to which she belonged was a fearsome catalogue of "up and at" whoever upset her.

I always got on very well with Val, and I venture to think that she liked me more than a little, for she never treated me to the royal rages with which her admirers were familiar.

One evening we were dining together upstairs at Kettner's, and I felt it my bounden duty to tell Val that her display of diamonds was, for the occasion, in the worst possible taste. She was furious and made a regular scene, which culminated in a threat to commit suicide then and there.

"Don't be a fool," I urged, for she was

Things I can Tell

standing in dangerous proximity to the open window, and I knew her impulsive temper.

"I tell you I will throw myself out," she cried, but just at that moment we heard a noise in the room adjoining; another window was wildly thrown open and a feminine voice said in tearful tones.

"Oh, Peter, whatever are you about to treat me so unkindly that I want to end my life?"

Then, to my intense surprise, I heard my brother Peter's honeyed tones trying to persuade the lady not to make a hole in the pavement. Val heard him as well; she burst out laughing, closed the window, and with the remark, "So Peter's having trouble too," she went on with her dinner.

My Sandhurst friend, "Briggs" (Lord Douglas Gordon), was one of the most popular and best known men in London, and I remember one night "Charlie" Western (otherwise Sir Thomas Western) and I went into Pratt's where we found Briggs bemoaning, over a dish of eggs and bacon, his loss of £500 at Jinks's.

Charlie and I didn't at first grasp what had

Briggs' Eggs and Bacon

so upset Briggs, and as usual we began to fool around for all we were worth. I happened to look up at the ceiling, where I saw a lot of flies, and turning to Charlie I remarked: "Look at these flies, I'm awfully jealous of them."

"Why, old man?"

"Well, because they're swaggering about as much as to say, 'Look at us—you can't do that!' I declare I'll try to walk on the ceiling too!"

No sooner said than attempted, and although I knew I should come an awful "cope," I ran up the wall nearest Briggs and came a frightful smash right on the top of the poached eggs, which were scattered in all directions over Briggs's white waistcoat!

The loss of his supper coming after his losses at cards completely upset the dear old fellow, and he straightway wrote a letter of complaint to the committee.

I never heard a word about it until Sugar Candy met me one day and said: "I say, d'ye know your conduct is coming up before the committee of Pratt's to morrow?"

Things I can Tell

“No,” said I. So Sugar explained matters to me, and acting on his advice I wrote to that prince of good fellows, the late Duke of Beaufort, and told him how in an access of Irish spirits I had tried to get level with the flies, and how sorry I was that I had so completely upset Briggs, and that it would never happen again.

The Duke, like the sportsman he was, accepted my apology, declared that he quite understood Irish spirits, and concluded by saying that, as I had made the *amende honorable*, I should hear no more about the matter.

I think the late Lord Dufferin was the most polite man that ever lived ; his courtesy would have been an exaggeration in anyone else, but it seemed part and parcel of himself. Looking back on the exquisite manners which he always displayed, I find myself regretting that the stress of modern life seems to have left old-world politeness far behind ; there is no class respect, nothing between the servility of the foreign waiter and the almost studied insolence of the product of the Board Schools that takes

Lord Winchilsea

service in private houses. Gone too is the old family servant who hid the peccadilloes of his employers from outside curiosity, and in his place has arisen a type that knows not the meaning of the words loyalty and duty.

The late Lord Winchilsea was another of the old school, and he had a peculiar lisping manner of speaking. I met him in the club one day after a regimental dinner, when we had finished up the evening with a steeplechase, in which we used chairs as fences, and jumped over them on all fours. The jars and the jumps had given me a bad attack of gout in my wrist, and when I saw Winchilsea I had my arm in a sling.

“What’s wrong?” he asked.

“Well,” I replied, “Alfred Cooper says I’ve got gout, but I thought I was far too young for it.”

Old Winchilsea looked at me and smiled. Then he said with his unforgettable lisp, “I’ll bet iths right enough if Alfred Cooper says so, and allow me to tell you, my deah Derry, although it may seem unkind,

Things I can Tell

nobody of my acquaintance detheserves it better!"

The late Lord Massereene and Ferrard was a friend of mine and he was an amusing character. Poor Massereene's only failing, as everybody knows, was an excessive love of conviviality; but, unfortunately, his weakness increased as time went on, and he was very often in a state of chaos.

In his day he was a wonderful shot and I remember how he used to arrange to give the beaters drinks at the shoots at Castle Antrim. The men were all numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, etc., and they were marshalled before Massereene, who sat with a row of bottles and glasses in front of him.

"Well, No. 1, what's yours?" Massereene would inquire.

"Anything your lordship pleases."

"Well, No. 1, judging from the look of you, brandy's yours," and he reached for the bottle, poured out some into a glass and "polished" it off, saying, "Yes, that's brandy." He then re-filled the glass and handed it to the beater.

The Farmer sees Double

The same thing went on with the others, except that the drinks were varied, and Massereene would insist upon sampling them all first, with disastrous results to himself.

One day when he happened to be waiting for the train at a small station near Belfast, two big farmers, both the worse for drink, were walking up and down the platform, practically supporting each other. As they passed Massereene they lurched into him and he nearly fell on the line. A porter came up to them and said angrily, "Don't ye see who ye nearly pushed under the train?"

"Yes, I see," answered the more sober of the pair, "but who is he, anyway?"

"Why, it's Viscount Massereene and Ferrard, you fool."

"So it is, so 'tis. And both of them drunk," was the answer.

Lord Massereene was very popular, and I shall never forget an incident when I was motoring in County Louth some time after his death. We had a puncture, and whilst repairs were being effected I noticed an old peasant

Things I can Tell

who was watching us with great interest. I got into conversation with him, and asked him whose estate we were near.

“It’s Lord Massereene’s.”

“Did you know the late lord?”

His expression changed at once, little twinkles lit up his faded eyes, past memories brought laughter to his lips, and humour illumined his face.

“Did I *know* him? Ah, yes. I should think I did,” and he smiled reminiscently. “Ah, yes, *that* was the gay boy!”

The laughter died out, and he lapsed into silence, but I could not help thinking that he had given Massereene his best and kindest epitaph.

Charlie Western and I, who were known as “the firm,” had many adventures, and I don’t think two fellows more up to mischief were ever let loose upon London, although our exploits may seem a little tame nowadays when young men Bunny hug and Turkey trot.

One evening we went to the Criterion Theatre, where the orchestra was separated

“Take a Lemon”

from the stalls by a railing—I fancy the first theatre to be so arranged. We were in the front row of the stalls, and a little way from us a man was tootling the flute like a canary. The play bored us to tears, so during the *entr'acte* we annoyed the flautist by a series of starts, jumps, and grimaces expressive of horror and pain. At last he could stand it no longer, and he told us that if we didn't stop annoying him, he could not go on playing.

“My dear sir,” said I quite seriously, “my friend and I have such sensitive ears that the smallest false note is agony to us, and, grieved though I am to say it, you must be somewhat of a beginner.”

He was perfectly furious and went hot-foot to the manager, who asked us to leave the theatre. We agreed to go at once if the money for our seats was refunded, and as this was done, we left, only to return to the same seats on the following evening.

We had each provided ourselves with the half of a lemon, and directly the flute man started playing, we sucked our lemons, the

Things I can Tell

sight of which made his mouth water so badly that he could not trill a single note ! However, he ended up by laughing, and when he allowed himself beaten we bade him a cheery good night and left him alone in his glory.

Some people are very tenacious of their dignity, and one notable example of this occurred in my brother Peter's wife's mother's family. Peter married Miss Daubeny, whose people had intermarried with the Eaglesfields, another race of tree-men-jous antiquity. Well the Daubenys and the Eaglesfields were for ever bickering about the vexed question as to which family was the older. Said Daubeny : " My family came over with the Conqueror," and he felt that this was the last word.

" Yes, I know all about that," retorted the proud Eaglesfield, " but my family was waiting to receive them."

I have not mentioned many of my women friends in these pages, but as may be surmised my opinion is that women are the best of all created beings, although they sometimes give a great deal of trouble.

An Early Tub

But what does that matter to a lover of the fair sex?—and I must say that the world without a woman would be a very dreary old place. I remember once I was invited to a country house where a lovely lady whom I greatly admired was also a guest. We were delighted to meet in this accidentally-done-for-the-purpose manner and we arranged to have a *tête-à-tête* later to look at the stars. Well, I must have dropped off to sleep, because I was horrified to find it was three a.m. when I set out down the ghostly corridor to keep my appointment. I padded along and turned down the passage which led to the room where we planned to meet, but when I got there I noticed a man sitting on guard outside.

He viewed me with a lowering brow, and then I grasped the fact that as he had not been asked to star-gaze, he was determined to see who had. I pretended not to notice him, and walked on to the bathroom, where I took an early tub and thought of many things I should like to have said to that peaceful picketer.

Things I can Tell

Some men indulge in rather ridiculous forms of revenge when they develop jealousy, and as an instance of this I should like to tell a story about a pretty woman who married a very effeminate person. He speedily bored her to tears, with the result that she sought sympathy elsewhere.

Her husband suspected that all was not well, and one afternoon the usual officious, well-meaning friend told him that his wife had a lover, and that she was even then having tea with him.

The husband instantly went round to the other man's flat and asked for his wife.

"Lady Blank is not here," said the servant with a sphinx-like expression which baffled further enquiries, but just as the husband turned to depart he caught sight of his wife's umbrella in the hall stand. He knew it well, for it was one of his many gifts to her, and the discovery roused him from his usual languid indifference. He seized the umbrella and snapping it viciously through the middle, ob-

An Apology in Rhyme

served with his voice slightly raised, "*There now*, let's hope it will rain!"

I remember nearly getting myself into a scrape over a letter which I had written to a married woman, and which her husband did not read in the platonic spirit it was intended to express. In fact he thought it was what might be termed Divorce Court correspondence, and there was a great row about it. Naturally I had to apologise, and my apology took the form of the following lines which I sent to the lady and which I do not think any editor with an eye for poetry would be likely to insert in his columns :

"A man wrote someone a love letter
In language you couldn't call cold,
And if he expected a ditter
I'm afraid he was dreadfully sold.
Then, all that he wrote in reply was
(This unsurpassed, unabashed elf),
'In thinking so much about you, darling,
I must have forgotten myself.'"

After this, the lady's husband insisted that all communication between his wife and myself

Things I can Tell

should cease and I kept my word religiously, although I really don't know how I managed it. One afternoon I was having tea with a friend in her sitting room at Claridge's when the forbidden fair one came in unexpectedly.

It was a really awkward predicament and of course to speak or not to speak was the question which instantly presented itself, but the lady solved the difficulty herself, by saying to me, "Hullo, Derry, what are you doing here?"

"Hullo," I replied somewhat lamely, "fancy seeing you."

"Well," she answered, "as I am here, suppose you give me a kiss to celebrate our meeting."

"Oh no," I said, "certainly not, I think I'd better leave trouble behind me," and with that I made for the door. But the lady was before me and with a laughing, "No you don't," she turned the key and slipped it inside her bodice. Then she commenced to chase me round and round the room for all she was worth, but just as the fun waxed fast and furious, and her friend was in

King Edward at the Door

fits of laughter, a knock was heard at the door. We took no notice, and continued our romping, but the knock was repeated in a peremptory manner and my hostess suddenly turned pale and almost fell on the sofa.

"Heavens," she gasped. "I had entirely forgotten that the Prince of Wales was coming here this afternoon. That must be His Royal Highness outside the door. Quick, Derry, unlock it at once." But she reckoned without the key, which had, in the scrimmage, slipped down into a somewhat ungetatable place and required a great deal of trouble to secure it.

The knocking continued and words cannot describe how we felt, but at last the efforts of the ladies were successful. The key was found, the door was unlocked, and in walked the visitor who was, as surmised, the Prince of Wales.

I think we all looked very foolish indeed and no wonder. There was the room topsey-turvey, books and papers on the floor, chairs upset, curtains disarranged—in short, a regular bear

Things I can Tell

garden, and the ladies looked flushed and dishevelled.

The forbidden one hastily took her departure, and my hostess made some excuse and left me alone with the Prince.

I thought His Royal Highness looked rather down his nose, and no doubt he thought my behaviour exceedingly odd, for he knew all about the affair with the lady, and had complimented my sister on the discretion I had shown in having avoided further complications. However, with his usual tact, he made no allusion to what he knew, or to what he now saw, but chatted on general topics, until the reappearance of my hostess made it possible for me to leave, which I did with feelings of positive relief.

What remarkable finesse the late King Edward always displayed! I do not think there has ever lived anyone so capable of saying and doing the right thing at the right moment. I remember an example of this at a Marlborough House Garden Party, in the late Queen's time, when the Ambassadors were assembled, and

The King's Tact

the Queen walked about with the Prince of Wales chatting to them. What so interested me was to see how His Royal Highness coached his mother as to everyone's identity, and told her what to say. It was so cleverly done that it passed unnoticed by the majority of people, but I took it all in, and it was pleasant to see how delighted everyone was at the Queen's graciousness.

King Edward was in addition to being very tactful, excessively kind-hearted and considerate. One day Lady Naylor-Leyland, my cousin by marriage, told me that the King was dining the following Thursday at Hyde Park House, and she very kindly asked me come and do host. Of course I accepted, and did what I could to make things go; the dinner was a great success, and afterwards we played bridge until 1.30 a.m. King Edward then most graciously asked me to sit down beside him on the sofa, and have a talk about Ireland, and this being a subject very near to my heart, I was naturally delighted to get an opportunity of discussing Irish affairs with His Majesty.

Things I can Tell

But I had reckoned without my hostess. I caught sight of Lady Naylor-Leyland's face, and if ever anyone looked ready to drop, it was she! Poor lady, she was absolutely dead beat, and as I was aware she was not very strong I felt it would be positive cruelty to keep her up any longer just because I had got my chance of talking about Ireland. I knew the King's kind heart, and how cross he would be if I didn't explain matters, so I sat down and whispered, "Sir, I have always been most anxious to converse with you about Ireland, but you would never forgive me if I didn't ask you first to look at our hostess's face?"

King Edward looked across at Jennie. Then he said with his curious rolling of the letter "r." "Rossmore, you are perfectly r-right," and he was out of the house within five minutes.

CHAPTER VIII

I start racing : The late King Edward's first trainer :
The match that "Duppy" made : Captain Machell :
His cuteness : A three-legged winner : Fred Archer :
My dream about him : Machell's equally strange
experience : The late Duchess of Devonshire at
Lewes : The great Ernest Clay-Ker-Seymer : "I've
forgotten your name" : Injured dignity : Mowerina :
A hard bargain : Worth her weight in gold : Richard
Christopher Naylor : I win the City and Suburban :
with Passaic : "I want to marry your daughter!" :
Old Naylor at Downshire house : King Edward :
The proper "get up" for the races : "Have you
come r-ratting?" : Marcus Beresford at the Turf
Club : The late Lord Vivian : "Hook and Eye" :
George Payne. "Hook and Eye's" early cup of
tea : The sad results : Keep away : The fat black-
guard : "Bertie wins" : Jim Goater and Present
Times : Why Archer was "off" riding : Sir John
Astley : "Ashley's ticker" : "Too big for the plate" :
Billy Bevill and Jim Blank : Sir Frederick Johnstone
at Stockbridge : The late King a visitor at his house :

Things I can Tell

A distinguished audience: Charlie Forbes: The
Bridge of Sighs: "In with you": A royal rescuer:
The Prince's hat goes down stream: Racing and I
part company

I STARTED racing in 1878 on the Curragh with Paddy Gavin, and afterwards I trained at Epsom with Alfred Sydney, who was the late King Edward's first trainer. I always consider that Sydney was one of the finest trainers in England, and one of the best stablemen I have ever come across; I've not forgotten the wonderful care he took over Passaic, when he held the hose on his hocks with his own hand and didn't even allow his head boy to do it. Sydney afterwards moved to Lewes; the late King had then changed trainers, and gone into a bigger and more fashionable stable, but Lord Dupplin and I remained with Sydney, who at that time was training a yearling by Favonius which I had bought at Doncaster.

"Duppy" came into the Turf Club one morning and said to me: "Oh, Derry, I wanted to see you, for I've made a match with the 'Mate' (Sir John Astley) between the
150

“Duppy”

Favonius colt and his one-eyed five furlong sprinter. The match is for £500, and is to be run at the July meeting.”

I was very much annoyed at this, and declared that I wouldn't run, whereupon “Duppy” went off to the Mate and told him what I had said.

“Duppy” argued that I had a right to object as I hadn't been consulted in the matter, but the utmost the Mate would agree to was to say he'd run it for £250, which meant that “Duppy” would have to pay if I still refused, and, as he was generally hard up, I relented, took the bet over, and ran the match.

“Duppy” kept on telling me what a fool I had been to make a fuss, but I told him that I refused to be treated as a nonentity by people who made matches with my horses. At any rate, he was perfectly right in his opinion of the Favonius colt, for it won easily; the Mate's horse “chucked it,” and we have always spoken about this particular race as “The match that Duppy made.”

After leaving Sydney, I trained with Captain

Things I can Tell

Machell for a bit, and afterwards with Golding, of Newmarket, and Dennis Shanahan at the Curragh. James Machell was a man who started life in the Army. His father was a clergyman who was not very well off, but Machell never asked for anything from him, and he certainly managed to get on quite well by his own efforts. He was very agile and nippy on his feet, and one day he made a bet with the officers of his regiment that he would hop on to the top of a mantelpiece, and stay there. This seemed quite an impossibility, and there was a lot of money on, but Machell had practised it beforehand, and by taking a hop, and turning when he was in the air, he managed to alight on the mantelpiece with his back to the wall and so won the bet. After this bit of luck he bought a useful horse in Ireland and won lots of money with it, which practically started him in the racing world.

Machell was the most astute man of his day on the turf, and he brought off many good coups, one of the best being that against Lindè, the tricky Irish trainer. Two sons

Captain Machell

(Cyrus and Seaman) of my sire Xenophon were at Lindè's, and Machell bought one of them for Lord Manners, who was usually called "Hoppy." Lindè assured Machell that Seaman was the best animal he'd got, but he soon found out that Lindè had parted with Seaman because he thought he wouldn't stand such a preparation as the Grand National requires.

Machell was determined not "to be beat." He trained the horse to perfection and Seaman won the Grand National gamely on three legs, with "Hoppy" Manners up. The second, Cyrus, was ridden by one of the best of all time steeplechasers, Beasley, whose Christian name I forget; it was a gallant performance, both by Machell and Manners, and "Seaman" behaved splendidly, but he never ran again.

I remember telling Machell about an odd dream I had had about poor Fred Archer, of whom he was very fond. After Archer's tragic death, I dreamt that he appeared to me, and when I asked him what he wanted, he replied: "I've come back for some more

Things I can Tell

clothes, but chiefly to try to meet someone I can trust. I know all the unkind things that have been said about me and how I am supposed to have committed suicide rather than face an inquiry by the stewards of the Jockey Club. I swear to you that I was right bang off my head when I shot myself."

I promised that I would repeat this to his pals, and Archer thanked me, and said he wouldn't bother me again. I told Machell this strange dream, and to my great surprise he took it quite seriously. "Do you know," he said, "that I couldn't get over that poor fellow's death for some time. I was unable to sleep, and one night when I was lying awake—and I swear I *was* awake—I saw Archer by my bedside! I watched him for a few minutes, and I don't remember whether I spoke or not, but he put out his hand, patted me gently on the shoulder, and the action, strange to say, so soothed me that I went to sleep and have slept all right ever since."

Poor Archer used to ride for me, but he said it made him nervous to do so, as I would

Fred Archer

bet so high. I remember once he was riding for me at Lewes, when I expected to have a good win with a mare I had bought as a yearling, and had kept for two years waiting for a suitable race. I was staying for Lewes races at the Reuben Sassoon's where the late Duchess of Devonshire was also a guest, and she, Sassoon, and I drove to the course in an open landau. The drive took us by the steep side of the downs, and the Duchess got horribly nervous and declared we should all topple over and be killed. She worked herself up into such a state of blue funk that she insisted on the horses walking the rest of the way, so I was too late to bet when we did arrive. Archer stood down voluntarily and put Farmer Giles up ; the mare won easily, but I hadn't a shilling on her, all through that nervous woman's whimsies. I was extremely annoyed, and I certainly looked for some expression of regret from the Duchess, who had prevented me from winning a few thousands. But all she said was, " Well I'm very glad he didn't win, as he never told *me* anything about it."

Things I can Tell

Speaking of Lewes brings to my mind an incident which occurred at Brighton Races, when I had an amusing experience with the late Ernest Clay-Ker-Seymer. The Ker-Seymers were in the best Newmarket racing sets, and old Ker-Seymer was so tenacious of his dignity that he was somewhat difficult to propitiate when once he was offended. He was anxious to be introduced to Lady Rossmore, and when he came up and told me so, I replied, "Certainly, old chap," and then the awful truth dawned upon me that I had clean forgotten his name, although I knew him so well. This horrible failing of being sometimes unable to fix names to faces has troubled me throughout my life, and it has occasionally landed me into some very awkward predicaments, notably in this instance.

I looked at Ker-Seymer in despair, then I said somewhat feebly, "Oh—er—er—I'm bothered if I haven't forgotten *your* name now."

This was a deadly insult to one who thought so much of himself. He looked at me coldly,

Ker-Seymer

and then said, in a tone fully intended to annihilate me, "Oh—*thanks*, it doesn't matter!" and he stumped off looking very angry indeed.

I was so worried about my silly lapse of memory, and so desirous of not appearing rude, that I went after him. This irritated Ker-Seymer excessively, and he turned round and said, "For Heaven's sake don't follow me, leave me alone."

"But," I expostulated, "I really know your name quite well; do wait a moment, I assure you it will come back to me in a jiffy; do be reasonable; don't make an ass of yourself!"

This last remark of mine added insult to injury, and Ker-Seymer paused, looked me up and down, and observed with withering emphasis: "*I* am not making an ass of myself!" and then he proceeded on his way. I continued to follow him through the crowd, repeating at intervals, "Don't make an ass of yourself!" "Do wait a moment," but he paid not the slightest attention until I shouted, "Hooray, I've got it. Yours is a double-barrelled name. I'm dead certain of it."

Things I can Tell

This made him pause. "Well, what is my name?" he asked expectantly.

"It's Heron-Maxwell," I cried triumphantly.

"No I'm d——d if it is," he roared in such tremendous wrath that he looked like a cyclonic disturbance let loose, and the atmosphere became so charged with electricity that I considered it wise to clear off.

When I got away, it dawned on me why he was so furious; Ker-Seymer was quite someone to look at, whereas Heron-Maxwell was a tiny, insignificant, almost blind individual, who had practically to feel his way through life.

I think it may interest a number of people to know that the Duke of Portland bought from me the mare which was the nucleus of his stud, a beautiful creature called Mowerina.

I had been pretty hard hit just then, and my father-in-law, Mr. Naylor, insisted that I should sell all my horses, Mowerina included. Machell and I always thought, before I bought her, that she would make a valuable brood-mare, and we worked out her value at £3,000,

Mowerina

but Portland drove a very good bargain for himself, and wouldn't give me a penny more than the original price I paid for her, which was £1,200.

In Mowerina the Duke literally possessed something worth its weight in gold. Once when I was staying at Welbeck I was talking about Mowerina to his agent, who informed me that he had once told Portland he was convinced Mowerina and her produce had won her weight in gold. The Duke replied, "Come now, I don't suppose she's quite done that," but just for curiosity Mowerina was weighed, and it was proved that not only had she won her weight, but a little over as well.

The above incidental mention of Mr. Naylor makes me feel that I must now introduce him to the reader. Richard Christopher Naylor was master of the Pytchley, owned "Stockwell," won the Derby, and became my father-in-law. He was somewhat cross-grained and eccentric and he successfully made his own life unhappy, and other people's as well.

Mr. Naylor had two charming daughters who

Things I can Tell

were ever so nice to him, but he always suspected their motives whenever they displayed any affection towards him. He was a curious combination of meanness and extravagance, for he would think nothing of spending £300,000 on buying a property, but he would walk miles in order to save a penny. In fact I have known him walk into the City because he could get a box of Cockle's pills a farthing cheaper by doing so.

"Squire" Naylor was as hard as his name, but he was game enough to take a trip round the world at eighty years of age and he was a very plucky man. I remember once when he was out with the Pytchley he galloped into a sheep net, which cut and scraped nearly all the skin off one side of his face, but he insisted on dining that night as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Naylor was a very bad judge of character, I think, for he never appreciated me. He hated the Irish "like fun"; in truth, he detested most men and especially those who came after his girls. Personally I don't believe he really minded whether they got married or not; it

The City and Suburban

was merely the dislike of "forking out" the settlement money which made him so loth to part with his daughters. Anyhow, it didn't matter to me if Mittie Naylor hadn't a penny in the world; I was in love with her, and we determined to get married whenever the opportunity presented itself.

In 1882 I won the City and Suburban with an American horse called Passaic which I had bought out of a selling race, but I never witnessed my victory for the reason that I spent the afternoon with old Naylor at Downshire House. I heard he had come to town on the eventful race day, and as I was anxious to see him about Mittie, I called to discuss the subject of marrying and giving in marriage.

I found the old man lying on the sofa grousing over himself and pretending to be very ill. It was then three o'clock and as I knew that Passaic had won the race, I greeted him saying: "How are you? I've won the City and Suburban." He huddled himself up and just grunted by way of an answer.

Things I can Tell

Said I, "I've come to ask you to allow me to marry your daughter; that's why I am here."

"Go away, Rossmore," he replied in peevish accents, "I tell you I'm far too ill to discuss those sort of things." But suddenly his sporting instincts overcame his grumpiness, and he jumped up like a two year old, saying, as he did so, "But have you *really* won the City and Suburban?"

I went to Epsom for the next meeting, and the late King, then Prince of Wales, who knew everything about everybody in the most wonderful way, said to me in the Anglesey stand, after lunch, "Well, how do your matrimonial affairs progress?"

I told His Royal Highness about my interview at Downshire House, and how the old sportsman's love of racing had even made him take some interest in my win. The Prince was greatly amused and remarked, "How like Naylor!"

An incident occurred on this day which serves to show what a great stickler the late

The King's Reproof

King was about the proper "get up" for the races. By some oversight I was not wearing the silk hat demanded by etiquette, and this was at once observed by the Prince, who looked at me critically from top to toe, and then said half in jest and half in reproof: "Well, Rossmore, have you come r-r-ratting?"

Jacobs, the "bookie," was once discussing racing colours going down to Sandown when a lot of other bookies and I were in the same carriage. Said Jacobs to me, "I think yours are the prettiest colours, my lord."

"Why?" I asked. "Personally I don't think that green and orange in vertical stripes are anything very wonderful."

"Well I do," he answered, "and I'll tell you when I was first struck by them. It was when I saw Passaic win the City and Suburban in a hand canter, and I hadn't laid him a bob on the book."

I remember when Lord Enniskillen ("Coley") and myself were staying with

Things I can Tell

the Portlands for Ascot the celebrated race took place between Ormonde, Minting, and Bendigo. Coley had made up his mind to have a dash on Minting, as Matt Dawson said it was a real good thing, because Ormonde, being gone in the wind, was only the ghost of Ormonde.

"Don't you make any mistake," I said, "the 'ghost' of Ormonde will beat Minting, take my word for it, and don't plunge."

On our way to the course, I set at Enniskillen again. He lost his temper, and said angrily, "Hang it all, you've bothered me so much that I haven't the nerve to bet at all." And he didn't. I was quite right, Ormonde won, but Coley made no remark about my correct intuition. When I met him at Harrogate the other day I chaffed him about this, and on my return to the Stud House, at Hampton Court, which the King has most graciously lent me (having heard that Lady Rossmore was looking for a place near London) I found the following letter from Enniskillen :

Lord Enniskillen

HARROGATE,

30 *July*, 1912.

MY DEAR DERRY,

I don't think I ever half thanked you for persuading me not to put £300, which I had determined to do, on Minting in that great race between him and Ormonde and Bendigo. By Jove, I took a lot of persuading, but you managed it all right, and I am for ever obliged. Yours as ever, COLEY.

I got a man who had a fairly good place to see the finish of this race to give it to Caroline Duchess of Montrose, but she bemoaned the result loudly to me, saying in aggrieved accents, "My dear fellow, I've lost fifty pounds."

"Come now," I answered. "I'm sure you're sportswoman enough not to begrudge that, when Ormonde, wrong in the wind, has beaten a horse like Minting."

She shrugged her shoulders, and replied testily, "C'est assez bien, mais ce n'est pas la guerre."

Things I can Tell

Buck Barclay, who owned Bendigo, used to give Derby dinners to friends who didn't belong to the Jockey Club, and I remember him giving a dinner at which "Markie" Beresford and about twenty others were present. We went on to the Turf Club afterwards, and when Markie and I went into the morning room, we found it monopolised by a pompous-looking individual, who was seated bang in the middle of the room, reading the evening paper. His intensely superior air didn't quite please Markie, who went up to him and slapped him heartily on the back, saying "Hullo, old bloomer, how are you?"

The nob (I don't know who he was) started up in a fine rage, as his pince-nez had jumped off to make acquaintance with the carpet, and in retrieving them he stepped on them and they were smashed to atoms. He glared at Markie, who regarded him with a tolerant smile. "Lord Marcus Beresford," he said severely, "I perceive that you have *dined*."

Lord Vivian

Markie remained quite callous under this dignified reproof, and looking kindly at the angry member, he replied in honeyed accents, "No, no, I assure you, it was purely a matter of five o'clock tea." After that we went away, and it was, perhaps, as well we did so.

The late Lord Vivian who was nicknamed "Hook and Eye," used sometimes to stay with that greatest and best known of racing men, Mr. George Payne, at his country house. Old George liked Vivian, but he couldn't stand the worry of his visits, as the maid who brought up his guest's early cup of tea had usually to leave her situation later owing to family reasons. George hated changing servants, and he also disliked such persistent thoughtlessness on the part of a guest, so he eventually made it clear to Hook and Eye that his visits had better cease. (How it was done the book censor would not permit me to tell.)

Lord Vivian never even informed his best friends when he had a good thing racing, but I

Things I can Tell

remember one day at Newmarket I happened to be by the rails at the "top of the town" when he rode up to make a bet. His hack fidgeted so much that he couldn't write down the bet, so although I didn't at that time see who it was, I put my hand on his bridle and enabled him to write in comfort. Hook and Eye was awfully pleased, and thanked me for what he termed my politeness, but I assured him that I considered it a mere trifle.

"My dear Rossmore," he answered, "there are few young men of my acquaintance who would have taken even that trouble to help me in my difficulty." He then went on to say, "May I ask if you have backed this hot favourite?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "I've a few hundreds on him, but I've had a very bad run of luck."

"Come a little way over here," said Hook and Eye. I did so. "Now," he continued, "if I tell you something, will you keep it to yourself?"

Keepaway

“Of course I will.”

“Well,” said he confidentially, “I’ve seen my trainer, and he and I think that my horse will beat the favourite. He’s at long odds; of course, do as you like, but I should strongly advise you to at least save on mine.” I thanked him heartily and I had good reason to do so, for I won over a thousand pounds, as his horse rolled home in one of the commonest canters I’ve ever seen.

I had a horse called Keepaway which was bred at Rossmore, and I ran him in a Hunters’ flat race ridden by gentlemen riders at Nottingham. Arthur Coventry rode for me, and I should like to record that I consider him the finest amateur rider of his day and the straightest fellow who ever rode round a course. I had heard the usual whispered story about a certain animal that had won a very improbable trial with the top sawyer hunter of the day, and I went into the paddock to view this wonder, which I found to be a hairy-heeled, half-bred, common-looking animal. Just as I was going away I was accosted by a

Things I can Tell

big over-dressed, frock-coated, silk-hatted individual who said, "Are you Lord Rossmore?" and when I replied in the affirmative, he told me the same story about the wonder-horse.

"I know all about it," I said coldly, for I disliked the cut of him.

"I suppose Mr. Coventry is riding for you?"

"Yes."

"Well," said he, "don't you think, my Lord, that we could come to some little arrangement with Mr. Coventry and so make a dead cert of this race? Then we can go and bet."

I was furious at his audacity in daring to suppose that Arthur Coventry would be capable of pulling any animal, let alone Keepaway, so I just went for the blackguard, with one spring, shouting as I did so, "You infernal scoundrel." I must say I never saw a fat man move so quickly.

Keepaway won easily. I laid £1,200 to £800 on mine with old Jake Baylis, the bookie, who

“Bertie Wins”

called out to me afterwards, “Keep away now, my Lord, keep away.” At this race meeting I begged Archer to ride my horse Reefer for the Nottingham Handicap, but he refused, saying that he had to ride Sun of York, who would beat Reefer.

“Not a bit of it,” I told him. “Reefer will not only beat you and your animal, but he’ll win the race,” and as it turned out, I was correct, for my horse won easily.

I remember once, when Arthur Coventry couldn’t ride Keepaway, I had to get someone else who, my old trainer says, made a grave mistake in the riding of the race. The betting was 6 to 4 on Keepaway, who was a hot favourite. I was on the stand in the members’ enclosure, and just below me was a friend of Sherriff’s, who got tremendously excited and kept on shouting, “Bertie wins, Bertie wins, and I’ve got ten shillings on at 20 to 1.” I had ten times more pounds on than he had shillings, and I got horribly riled at this perpetual hymn of “Bertie wins.” Said I, when I couldn’t stand it any longer, “Well, I’ll be hanged

Things I can Tell

if you shall see him win anyway." With that I swept him clean off the stand, and after this rather disgraceful outburst, Bertie won, and I hooked it into the paddock.

Talking of "stands" reminds me about a very fat man I once saw at Windsor races where the tiers of seats on the stands are very high and steep. Jim Goater was riding a horse called Present Times, and as he was generally put on horses that hadn't got an earthly chance, it was therefore somewhat extraordinary when his animal romped in first.

I was right at the top of the stand, and the fat man below me was too bulky to clear out quickly after the race was over. He didn't know that I was behind him, and as he heaved himself heavily up to depart I heard him say, in a voice which seemed to come from a long way down, "I wonder—what the blue blazes Jim did *that* for; it couldn't be to improve th' average."

I knew The Mate very well, and I remember how he used to tell a story about having his

“Ashley’s” Ticker

watch stolen at Epsom. Sir John had a curious habit of speaking about himself as “Ashley” and he blended the third person singular with the first person in the most unusual way. This is how he used to narrate what happened :—

“ Ashley went to the Derby, and I’m blessed if Ashley’s ticker wasn’t stolen from him. As it had been given me, and I prized it, I went to the head pickpocket, with whom I was acquainted, and said ‘ See here, they’ve taken Ashley’s ticker.’

“ The man blushed. ‘ Good Lord, you don’t mean it, Sir John?’ he stammered. ‘ Will you ’ave the goodness to just wait ’ere? I’ll be back in a jiffy.’

“ He was back in three minutes with Ashley’s ticker, which he handed over, saying most humbly as he did so, ‘ I ’ope, Sir John, you’ll accept the apologies of the ’ole fraternity ; it was quite a mistake, and it was done by a noo beginner ! ’ ”

The Mate could be very witty, but occasionally his personal remarks were more pointed

Things I can Tell

than polite. His wife used to tight lace to such an extent that she bulged out in other directions, and Sir John was nothing if not critical. One day when Lady Astley was riding in the park, she passed her husband, who was walking with a friend. The Mate stopped, looked at her with some degree of interest and then remarked, "Hullo, the round of beef is too big for the plate."

Sir John was a great character, and he possessed the most accommodating disposition, for he was equally at home with a King or a prize fighter.

One year I was alone at Manchester for the race meeting, and I stayed at the Queen's Hotel where my friends usually put up. However, as bad luck would have it, nobody arrived, and I was feeling lost when I remembered that I had just seen a man called Henry Wilson sitting in the coffee room. I knew he had a horse occasionally with Arthur Yates, so I asked him to come and dine with me, and when the champagne made him talkative, he became very discursive on the

Billy Bevill

subject of various rogueries committed on the Turf. One of his stories concerned Billy Bevill when he rode in a Hunters' flat race with only two others in it.

Those were the days when gentlemen and professional jockeys rode at even weights, and this special race was at Croydon, where the start was on the far side of the course. Bevill was riding a fairly good class animal, and he came down early to get the inner berth on the round course, and also to take in the other jockeys. One of them, an amateur called Reece, couldn't ride for nuts, but Billy wanted to see what sort of an animal Jim Blank was riding, and it turned out to be a great big, good-looking horse that looked like going twice round the course to Bevill's once.

The flag fell, Billy slipped away, and presently he heard a lot of scrummaging behind him ; he gave a backward glance which showed him that Jim was riding Reece out of the course over the rails, and he immediately caught Bevill up as if he were standing still.

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"Mornin', Mr. Bevill," said Jim. "How's the little mare going?"

"None too gaudy, Jim," answered Billy.

"Good gracious," replied Jim, "and me with thirty of the best on 'er." With that he put his horse at the rails, and galloped straight away into the open country, leaving the amazed Bevill to win alone.

I remember an amusing incident when we (Machell's lot) had a house at Stockbridge for the races. Freddy Johnstone had a house there where he entertained the late King when he was Prince of Wales. Johnstone's place and ours were on opposite banks of the river, and there was a footbridge over from garden to garden. One evening I was singing the "Gallant Young Hussar" to my own accompaniment, making up for lack of skill by plenty of noise, when I was suddenly aware that I had as an audience the Prince of Wales, who appeared to be highly amused; Charlie Forbes of Newe and others were with him, and they had walked across the bridge

“In with You ”

from Freddy Johnstone's and looked in un-announced to see us.

We all had a very merry time, which lasted well into the small hours, and it was nearly three a.m. when the Prince and Charlie Forbes took leave of us.

Bunny Leigh, who was always ready for a lark, suggested that when His Royal Highness had crossed the bridge we should take away a loose plank which existed as a means of stopping communication between the gardens, so that the unsuspecting Charlie should fall into the river. But he was up to us, and when he discovered that the plank was missing he said he would go back to our house.

“No, you don't, Charlie,” said I; “if you won't fall in, I'll drop you in,” and I was just about to carry out my threat, when he got quite scared and said, “Don't, don't, Derry, remember we're friends.”

“That's all right,” I replied, and good-humouredly pushed him over. Down he went with a tremendous splash, but the water only came up to his chest, and, looking like some

Things I can Tell

dissolute river deity, Charlie solemnly waded across to where the Prince was standing on the opposite bank.

His Royal Highness was quite aware that Forbes had *dined*, so he most graciously extended his hand to assist him to terra firma. But Charlie had, I think, seen the little river trebled in breadth and depth, and he chose to imagine that he was emerging from the jaws of death. He simply grabbed the Prince's hand, and, as H.R.H. stooped to give him the much needed pull up, Charlie rose unexpectedly, with the result that the Prince's hat was knocked off, and was soon floating down the rapid stream.

Forbes, oblivious of the Royal hat, but with his soul full of gratitude, and the wine still preponderating over the water he had swallowed, fell on his knees with a solemnity which was almost tragic, and with clasped hands apostrophised his preserver, "Sire, you have s-h-aved my life," he said.

"Yes," answered the Prince, laughing heartily; "but it's lost me a very good hat."

How we laughed, and how we chaffed Charlie

A Royal Rescuer

the next day at the races about his early morning rescue from that "dangerous" river!

I do not think I know any more racing stories that will interest my readers. I've never kept any diaries, and I've had to rely on a rather unreliable memory which loathes details and dates.

I know that I lost far more than I ever won at the sport of kings, and racing and I were at last obliged to part company, although we are still the best of friends at a distance. The only active interest I now have in the turf consists in breeding a few horses, which I send up to the Stable presided over by that best of good fellows, Tommy Lushington.

CHAPTER IX

Why don't you hunt now?: The old order changeth :
Hunters of men: Somerby: "Snipey" Green:
Burglars in the bath-room: Bay Middleton: He
hides in a lady's bed: Bay's presentiment of his
death: Sir Herbert Langham: His red red nose:
Hughie Cusker's whole-hearted admiration of it:
How the nose belied the owner: "Chicken"
Hartopp: Bald as a coot: Lord Howth: "There's
always a black sheep in every flock": The
aniseeded boots: Hunting the train: How
"Chicken" hanged the Jarvey: Hartopp's hunting:
A lengthy description: A topper to hounds: "Ac-
cording to De Crespigny": Miss Naylor takes first
place: McGerr and his horse: An Irishman's farewell
to his steed: Percy La Touche: The late King
Edward and Percy: Huguenots or Hottentots?:
Lady Rossmore: Her accident at Newmarket: Why
she never rides now: Lady Bailey upholds the
family's reputation in the hunting field

"Why don't you hunt now?" I once asked
a relation of mine. "You used to live for
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Hunters of Men

it; now you don't seem to care a jot about it."

"My dear Derry," she answered, "in the old days when you and I hunted in the Shires, fewer women hunted, and when they went out, they went out for sport and to hunt foxes. Nowadays they go out to jump on each other, and to hunt men."

This sounds rather a sweeping assertion for anyone to make, but I think my relative was perhaps right in the main. The old order has indeed changed, and the new state of things which has arisen is not an improvement. I always loved hunting until I lost my nerve and had to give it up, but I have had some fine runs, and have made many pleasant friends and acquaintances in the hunting field. The first day I was out, after my return from Germany, I had thirteen falls, but I was none the worse.

Willie Wood Wright, one of the bravest boys I ever knew, used to ride with me, and he and I were often out with the harriers alone. If my horse refused Willie would give me a lead, and if it still refused he would jump it

Things I can Tell

back, and give me another, a fine action according to hunting ideas.

Just before I joined my regiment at York, I used to stay with dear old Sugar Candy down at Somerby for the hunting. Sugar had very kindly got me two hirelings from Leicester ; one was a good looking old "has been," and one day when I was riding him and had got about two or three miles of the run, he was completely cooked in a big ploughed field. Just as I was cursing my luck, something went past me like greased lightning. It was Colonel "Snipey" Green of the Artillery, and as I yelled "Go on, Snipey," his horse crossed its legs and turned turtle in the middle of the field.

Poor Snipey got up looking a bit rowdy, as his hat was completely concertinaed, but I managed to jog off and get his horse for him, and I declare I never heard such thanks as he gave me when I returned it, as he vowed I'd lost my place in the run and a lot besides. I started off again and got to the end of the field, where there was a long grass descent

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Lord Rossmore.

Somerby

right down to a brook which had overflowed its banks to such an extent that the horses could not see where to take off, and there was any amount of grief.

I had managed to get a canter out of the old "has been" coming down the long descent, and I certainly didn't want to pull up again and lose all chance of the run. As I cantered down I could see a crowd all round the only jumpable place in the brook, so I made a desperate dash for it, shouting as I did so, "Get out of the way, cowards. Cowards, get out of the way, and make room for me." Of course they knew I was only chaffing when I tried to get a bit of a run with a dead beat horse, but I galloped on with the result that I gracefully disappeared, mount and all, in the brook, and I shall never forget the shouts of laughter which greeted me when I came up to the surface.

Peter and I had some fine times at Somerby, when we amused ourselves occasionally by taking headers over a cropped bush which was quite a feature of the gardens. I remember years after staying there for the hunting when

Things I can Tell

James Gordon Bennett had the place, and late one night somebody came down stairs and said that burglars were in the bathroom. It was an exciting moment, and we all moved *en masse* upstairs to capture the miscreants. Outside the door we paused, and listened to the noises within, which plainly intimated that the bathroom was occupied. Then we boldly burst in exclaiming, "If you move, we'll break your heads," and on hearing this, two or three forms cowered down behind the bath. There was a moment when absolute tense stillness reigned, and then a frightened voice piped out, "For 'eaven's sake, don't strike, we're only the plumbers." This was really true; something had gone wrong with the bath, and the butler, who thought a late hour for repairs would be more convenient to the household, was responsible for the presence of the workmen at that ungodly time of night.

Bay Middleton, of immortal memory, was a great friend of mine; he was one of the best riders to hounds that ever lived, an amusing dare-devil, and very good company.

Bay Middleton

Bay once bet a lady that he could hide so effectually in her bedroom that she could never discover him, but she declared it would not take her long to find Middleton. When the appointed evening arrived, she hunted high and low but never a trace of the hidden one could she see. The lady was completely at her wits' end, and at last when she had literally gone all over the room inch by inch, she was startled out of her seven senses by hearing Bay's voice exclaiming :

"Hullo, I can see you!" This was a puzzler and no mistake, but the mystery was at last solved, for Middleton, who was long and thin, had got inside the bolster !

Bay had a curious presentiment about his death. A few days before his fatal accident in the hunting field, he said to Sir Herbert Langham : "I'm going to break my neck within the next few days," and it happened exactly as he had predicted, one of the many curious instances of premonition which cannot be explained away satisfactorily.

"Nat" Langham, as he was called, was

Things I can Tell

a very good sort. He was afflicted with a conspicuous red nose, which was not coloured by hard drinking, but was due to some physical condition; indeed, he used to say that his danger signal saved him from lunacy. He was once staying with us at Rossmore, and one day we were standing by the great cedar tree when old Hughie Cusker, my head game-keeper, came up. Hughie was very fond of a glass, and as he "took in" Nat Langham's nose he was completely lost in admiration, as he thought of the number of bottles that must have been consumed for the proboscis to acquire such a rich seasoned tone. He looked at me and then pointed to the nose, and in dumb show compared its glories with his own; then he raised hands and eyes to Heaven as a final tribute of his heartfelt gratitude at having been permitted to view such a sight.

But I soon disillusioned him. I made a pretence of drinking and then negatively shook my head. Directly Hughie grasped my meaning his rage was simply awful, and he went off muttering all kinds of disgusted

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“Chicken” Hartopp

comments on the man whose nose belied his character.

One of my best and dearest friends was “Chicken” Hartopp, whom I have already mentioned, and whose acquaintance I made when I was twenty. He was a captain in the 10th Hussars, the late King’s regiment, and a personal friend of His Majesty. Chicken rode a heavy weight to hounds; he was daring personified, and a popular man all round.

Hartopp was as bald as a coot when he was quite a young fellow; he was also very tall and a fine rider, with beautiful hands. One day, when out hunting, he got a fall into a deep ditch, but Chicken was so much above the average height that even when he was sitting in the ditch his bald head showed above it. He was knocked silly, but as he gradually came to himself he became aware of a sort of buzz which shaped itself into intelligible words. The sound emanated from an old man who had been digging potatoes, and who now leant on his spade and thus apostrophised the fallen Chicken.

Things I can Tell

“Go home out of that, owld man,” said the voice in reproving accents, “go home out of that. Sure ye ought not to be skilloodtherin’ across the counthry at your time o’ life. Indeed ye ought to be at home makin’ yere sowl.”

I remember when Lord Howth rented Black Castle in Navan that he asked us over to stay for a meet of hounds close by. Howth was a very fussy old bachelor, and he said to me, “Do you know, by some accident I asked Chicken Hartopp and Bay Middleton to dine here on the same night, and as I knew they were both ‘boy-ohs’ and rather fond of breaking things, I told them my landlord was a very hard man, and that if there was a scratch on the furniture I should have to pay through the nose. I drew a line in the drawing-room, and told Chicken and Bay that they were at liberty to break anything within the line, but nothing beyond it. Needless to say they at once set to and reduced everything to matchwood within the given area. Don’t you call it clever of me?”

Lord Howth

“Clever,” I rejoined, rather contemptuously, “no, I don’t call it clever. I know both men very well, they are the right sort, and take it from me, Howth, that if you hadn’t suggested it in the way you did, nothing would have been broken.”

“Good heavens, you don’t say so,” cried Howth, “I believe you’re perfectly right,” and I must confess I never saw a more “cut” man.

Howth Castle is the oldest inhabited place in Ireland and there was an ancient tree there which had been propped up and built round no end. Tradition said that when the tree died the end of the Howths would follow, and I believe the prophecy has been fulfilled.

There was also a legend about a duel which was fought in the dining-room by two of the Howths who both loved the same woman, and when Lord Ashbourne had the house he showed me the girl’s portrait, and remarked cynically, “Do you think her worth dying for? I call her a d——d ugly woman.”

Ashbourne told me that he drew Lord

Things I can Tell

Howth's attention to a picture of one of his ancestors who was painted in the robes of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. "You see," said he, "that one of your people held the same position then as I do now." Whereupon little Howth answered :

"Yes, there's always a black sheep in every flock."

Chicken Hartopp was very fond of Ireland, where he owned property in the south, and I think he used always to pose as being Irish. He had a servant whose religious views were rather a mystery, and Chicken never could find out whether the man was a Protestant or Catholic ; all he knew was that his servant attended divine service somewhere. At last Chicken made up his mind to find out, so he aniseeded the soles of the man's boots, and put the hounds on his trail, with the result that they ran him to earth in the Roman Catholic chapel when Mass was in full swing.

The hounds in question had been given to Chicken by my brother ; they were a very scratch lot, and were principally used to run a drag from

Hunting the Train

his house to the different meets. Once I asked Chicken how they were doing. "Ah, the dirty brutes," he replied, "the other day we were crossing the line when I saw a train coming, and I had high hopes that they would be killed. However, no such luck, the engine slowed, they left the drag and hunted the train, and I had to ride down to Navan, where I found them at the station. They'd caught up the train, but what d'ye think they'd been hunting? Why, they were licking the grease out of the wheel cogs."

Chicken was an absolutely fearless rider. Once, at Melton, he and I jumped into a field down a deep drop. There was no way out of the field, which was fenced in by a big wooden paling against which Chicken rode with might and main. "Look here, Derry," said he, "I mean to have this down, but when it goes, by gad, there'll be a scatter, so don't let the others ride over me. But this fence has got to shift." He was as good as his word; the wood at last gave with a splintering crash, and Chicken got through, but I really

Things I can Tell

thought he meant to kill either himself or his horse.

Chicken and I were walking through Dublin one day, and as we wanted to drive outside the City, we set about choosing a car. All the jarveys raised a hymn of praise about the merits of their cars, but one man came up to us and said simply and finally :

“Ye’ll get up on my car, Hartopps.”

“This person seems to know me, Derry,” remarked Chicken, “so we’ll take his car.”

Well, up we got, and Chicken winked, “He’s all right,” as the horse was made to gallop for all he was worth; then he said in his calm way, “How do you know me, jarvey?”

“Holy jabbers,” replied the jarvey, “how do I know ye? Why that’s the unkindest part of it all.”

“Go on,” said Chicken, “tell me at once how you know me.”

“My gracious,” cries the jarvey. “Don’t ye remember how ye got up on my car, and says you were to dine with the officers at
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Hanging the Jarvey

Island Bridge Barracks, and I was to drive ye quick. I didn't know ye then, Hartopps, so I kept on hitting the shaft instead of the mare, thinking ye wouldn't know the difference.

“ ‘Now,’ says you, quite solemn, ‘I tell you,’ says you, ‘that I’ll be late for the mess, and if ye don’t get on I’ll hang ye when we get to the barracks.’ I didn’t know ye then.” He spat on his hand and gave his horse a frightful belabour.

“When we got to barracks, we drew up at the mess-room door; there was a big iron lamp-post with an extended arm and ye took me own rope out of the well of the car, that I use for the luggage, and ye tied it round my neck in spite of me struggles, and ye just threw the other end round the arm of the lamp-post and left me hangin’ while ye walked into the officers’ quarters.

“By the quarest good luck, the sarjint came by with the guard and cut me down, and if he hadn’t I might have been a dead man. And yet ye dar ask me how I know ye, Hartopps.”

Things I can Tell

I remember another of Chicken's exploits when he was M.F.H. in the south of Ireland. A certain beggar used to bore him to death with his demands for assistance, so Chicken determined to stop it. The man, who was legless, used to push himself about in a go-cart with the aid of two sticks, and Chicken told him that if he dared worry him under a month he'd dynamite him. The mendicant still persisted, and Chicken promptly took away his sticks, tied an empty tin case underneath the go-cart and informed him that within ten minutes he would be blown up.

The beggar expostulated, entreated, cursed, and yelled blue murder, but his tormentor kept the game up until eight minutes had elapsed, when he untied the canister and returned the sticks to the man, who left the neighbourhood as though he were pursued by the seven devils.

Poor Hartopp died at the Sackville Street Club, the scene of so many of our "jollies." I was passing through Dublin, going over to England, and after dining at the club I was

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A Topper to Hounds

just getting on the car when the house steward said to me, "I forgot to tell your lordship that Captain Hartopp is lying very ill upstairs."

"Good heavens," I ejaculated. "Why didn't you tell me that before? If he has nobody with him I'll forgo my journey." The steward told me that he was not alone, as Miss Hartopp was there, and so I proceeded to England. I had a horse running at Leicester, where Chicken was well known, and on my arrival I was shocked to hear that he was dead. He was most kind-hearted and open-handed; he helped everyone and entertained lavishly, but he and poor Sugar fared alike, as so many others of the same disposition do, for when all they had was gone, their so-called friends forgot them.

A County Meath farmer was once describing Hartopp's prowess in the hunting field. Said he, "He's a terrible man at the hunting, on the Monday he'll likely be wid the Meaths, and the Tuesday the same. On the Wednesday he'll likely take to the Staggers (the Ward

Things I can Tell

Union Staghounds); the Thursday and Friday he'll be with the Meaths or Kildares, and Staggers agin on the Saturday, and av the Sundays, whin ye'd think that the big bald-headed bhoy w'd be bate, he do be skillood-therin' through the fields after hares!!!"

A young English hunting man was advised to go to a fair in order to find Chicken Hartopp, who wanted to sell a good hunter not quite up to his weight. When he got there, he said to a horsey looking bystander, "Do you know Captain Hartopp?"

"Do I know him? Why murdther man, doesn't all the world know him?"

"Will you point him out to me?"

"That I will, for he's standing over yonder."

"Where?"

"D'ye see thim two gentlemen talking down at the bottom iv the hill we're on?"

"Yes."

"Do ye see the one with the brown coat on him?"

"Yes, I do," says the Englishman, getting rather impatient.

Harriers

"I mane the man hitting his long boot wid his cane?"

"*Yes.*"

"The gintleman who has the square black hat on him?"

"Bless my soul, yes," cried the distracted Englishman.

"Well," said the Irishman, "that's *not* him, it's the big feller he's talkin' to."

I have hunted with the Monaghan Harriers, the Armagh Harriers, the Quorn, Cottesmore, Belvoir, Tailby's, and the Pytchley; also with the Ward Union Staghounds, Meaths, and Kildares. I saw more real hunting with the harriers than ever I did or could with foxhounds. One of the prettiest things I ever saw was a hare, very hard pressed, that took to a lake, and swam right out into the middle with all the hounds after her, but she was unfortunately so beat that she was drowned from sheer exhaustion half-way across.

I once bought an extraordinarily clever hunter from a farmer in County Meath called McGerr, and I named the horse after him.

Things I can Tell

We then rented a small place called Culmullen from Johnny Kearny, and my sister, Sugar, and myself were all out hunting when McGerr came over to leave the horse at Culmullen. Our old butler, Jim Richardson, who had been in the stables in his younger days, adored horses, and was most anxious to see my new purchase. So he went softly up to the loose box and peeped in, and he afterwards described to me what he saw.

“ I don’t ever want to see a poor Irishman taking leave of his horse again, my lord. There he was with his horse’s head close in his arms, sobbin’ as if his heart would break. It was just awful, and I sneaked out, and left them to have it out together.”

I was unlucky enough to sprain all four of my riding gripping muscles that year in Meath, and as I never could get a good grip again, I had to ride mostly by balance, and a post in the hedge coming in contact with my foot or leg would send me flying out of the saddle on to the horse’s neck, or right on the ground. It was an awful thing to happen to a hunting

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The Paragons

man, and a quack in Curzon Street blistered me for it. Heavens! how that blister bit! The skin came right off, there were two deep holes in my thigh and I've got the scars still.

A few years ago I was in the train going to Market Harborough, and a smart-looking young fellow was in my compartment. We began talking about women riding to hounds, and he said that Jock Trotter's wife was clean away from anybody he had ever seen.

"That's a big word," said I. "What can she do?"

"Everything," he replied.

"Can she gallop a horse?"

"Yes."

"Has she good hands?"

"Yes—*rather!*"

"Puts a horse real well at a fence and sits it well when going over?"

"Yes."

"Pilots herself?"

"Yes."

"Opens gates for herself easily?"

"Yes."

Things I can Tell

"And pray, what more can she do?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "I think you've pretty well covered all that is required to make a topper to hounds."

"Now," said I, "I happen to know a better lady to hounds."

"The dickens you do," cried he. "Why, what more can *she* do."

"Well," I answered, "she knows what the hounds are doing, and was brought up by a past-master in the art from quite a small child. She learnt to watch hounds, and to know what they're at; she's my sister-in-law, Miss Naylor, and she was taught to ride and watch hounds by Lord Tredegar."

"I must own your paragon has beaten mine," he said good-humouredly, and I learnt afterwards that my fellow passenger was poor De Crespigny.

Percy La Touche is the leading sportsman of Ireland; in fact one of the best men to hounds in my time, and the other day when he was given a mount, he went bang at the top of the hunt

Percy La Touche

just as well as ever. He is one of the stewards of the Turf Club (Ireland) and always receives the King when he goes to Punchestown.

Percy has a keen sense of humour, and there is a story that when the late King once playfully hit him over the shoulders with his walking stick, he turned to H.M. and said in rather a rueful manner, "Sir, I don't know whether you've knighted me or broken my collar bone."

The La Touches are descended from an old French family, who settled in Ireland when the Huguenots were driven out of France by the Edict of Nantes. A friend of Percy's went to see the old La Touche place near Dublin the other day, and the gardener who showed her over the grounds talked about the family in a very "knowledgable" way. "Yes, m'm," said he, "the La Touches are of Hottentot extraction, and they came over here from religious scruples!"

I think Lady Rossmore and her sister were about the best ladies to hounds I've ever seen : my wife was as good across country as her

Things I can Tell

sister, and that's saying something, but she never rides now.

Soon after our marriage in 1882 we were staying with the Naylor's for some meeting at Newmarket, and my wife was riding a hack which I had bought for her in London. After the last race, while she was riding back with the late Duke of Devonshire, her hack ran away, tried to jump a landau, and poor Mittie was carried back unconscious to Squire Naylor's house. I returned to Park Paddocks knowing nothing of the accident, and seeing a four-wheeler at the door, I said to the man, "Who have you brought?"

"I've just come with a lady who's had a shocking fall off a horse," he replied.

"But that was this morning," said I, for "Doods" Naylor, my sister-in-law, had had a fall early in the day through her horse slipping on a weighing machine.

"No, it's another one," said the cabby.

I did not wait to hear any more, but flew upstairs, where I found Mittie lying on her bed unconscious, and she remained so

An Accident

for two hours. However, she got over the accident, but it gave a lasting shock to her nervous system, and now she leaves our daughter Mary to uphold the family's reputation in the hunting field, and I must say that I think Mary does it quite well.

CHAPTER X

Mountain Lodge: An Irish grouse moor: The peasantry: The Duke of Connaught: Why his sport was spoiled: Anne Holland: A woman gamekeeper: Trespassers will be—shot: When the season commenced: Irish bulls: Lord Iveagh at Rossmore: A bad headache: Woodcock stories: The double right and left: The late King at Elvedon: "Where did you get that hat?": Jodpores: King Edward's witty remark: His wonderful memory: The brailed pheasants

I HAVE, about ten miles from Rossmore, a grouse moor of nearly 10,000 acres, and, for an Irish moor, it is quite good; indeed I have high hopes that with careful management it will eventually prove as good for sport as the average Scotch moor.

The Irish grouse is somewhat distinct, being a large bird capable of developing great pace on the wing. In many parts of Ireland grouse

A Grouse Moor

lie ridiculously close, which makes it impossible to drive them successfully, but on my moor they are strong and wild early in the season, and they can only be shot over dogs for a fortnight or so. This wildness renders them all the better for driving, and I have seen many a man, who considers himself a good shot, standing with an empty gun ruefully regarding the departing grouse, of which he had made so dead certain and missed so lamentably.

As a rule Irish moors are thought little of, and they do not appeal to the man who hurries off to Scotland in August ; but were it not for that tiresome strip of sea which separates Ireland from England, many sportsmen would doubtless come over to resuscitate our moors, which, with judicious expenditure, would equal any anywhere.

Many an Irish grouse moor is a failure because the peasantry on and around it are not treated tactfully. Certain of them possess grazing rights over the heather of which they are very jealous, but if each be given a small pecuniary interest in looking after the welfare

Things I can Tell

of the birds, they at once become one's devoted servants, keenly anxious to show good sport.

Irish peasants are inclined to a freedom in one's presence which seems strange to a man accustomed to restrained English or blunt Scotch ways, but he soon learns that the only idea is to amuse, and that no liberties are intended ; in fact the Irish "watchers" are often a continual source of amusement, and when acting as drivers they add considerably to the day's entertainment by their quaint remarks.

I remember an occasion when I had good reason to be angry with a driver—indeed to tell him in pretty plain terms what I thought ; but do what I might, I could not get that man in front of me. "Begorra," he remarked afterwards in confidence to my agent, "sure and I could see his lordship's neck getting redder and redder, so I decided to just kape behind him."

It is most necessary to be careful in the choice of a head keeper on an Irish moor, for if he lacks tact he will soon have all the peasantry at variance with him, and then he is

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The Duke of Connaught

better away. As a case illustrative of how they will get their own back, I will quote the following instance. I always had an idea that if I could get a practical Scotch keeper to superintend my moor it might be greatly improved, and a friend of mine from north of the Tweed strongly recommended one to me, who turned out a regular gas bag, and a deuced lazy fellow into the bargain.

Although he had been on the moor nearly a year, he had practically no knowledge of the ground or of how it was driven, and as he had thoroughly put up the backs of the watchers and drivers, they determined to get even with him at the next shooting season.

Unfortunately, however, they chose a day for taking their revenge which had disastrous consequences. The Duke of Connaught had honoured me with a visit to Mountain Lodge, and I was anxious that he should enjoy some good Irish grouse shooting. Having the greatest confidence in my Scotch keeper, I left the arrangements to him, and he assured me that everything would be perfect. All went

Things I can Tell

well at first with the driving, but in grouse shooting there is one drive which, as we all know, is expected to excel the others, and to afford the best sport. The guns went on to take their places, but were astonished to see crowds of birds passing over butts a quarter of a mile away. Then the line of drivers came in view, and we saw that they were really driving to the wrong butts. All the men were profuse in their apologies for making such a mistake, but as each man had driven the same ground for years, it was somewhat inexplicable, and it was not until the next season that I learned that they had intentionally taken advantage of the keeper's ignorance so that I should get rid of him. Their plan was successful, but my feelings are better imagined than described at having had the Duke's sport so completely spoiled.

Among the watchers was a man named Holland, who died and left his wife in such straits that I gave her his place. Mrs. Holland became very proud of her position as a woman gamekeeper, but displayed such zeal in the dis-

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A Woman Gamekeeper

charge of her duties that she very nearly got herself into serious trouble.

Rheumatism prevented her getting after trespassers as fast as she wished, so she procured an old police carbine and took to shooting at them, and I was alarmed to learn that she had taken the heel off a man's boot as he ran away. I sent my agent to remonstrate with her, and she related how it happened.

"There was a man on that hill the other day," said she, "and I just ordered him to come off it. He cheeked me, as he knew I couldn't catch him. So I brought out the rifle, and put a ball just in front of his face so that he felt the wind of it. Says he, 'Stop that!' But he knew I meant shooting unless he got off that hill, and so he went away without any more trouble."

Anne Holland doesn't find any use for her rifle now, as her reputation for being ready to shoot deters one and all from trespassing in her locality.

Poaching is bad in Ireland, and it wants a great deal of tact to overcome it, especially in

Things I can Tell

the mountain moorlands. I have, I hope, managed to get on the right side of the hill men, and there is no poaching on my moor. A few years ago grouse used to be most shamelessly and openly sold in our county town of Monaghan, and an old poacher's wife dared to offer dead grouse publicly for sale in July. Said somebody to her, "I wonder you're not scared to sell these birds before the season commences."

"What's that you're saying?" she retorted. "Before the season commences? Why, when do you think it commences?"

"Well it doesn't commence until the 12th of next month."

"Aha, aha, that's all you know about it," chuckled the poacher's fifth rib. "Why, that's when the grouse season is over," and so it was for the poaching brigade, as the rightful owners were then out.

I started driving on my moor some years ago, for it is certainly the only way to kill down the old cocks. One season the birds had got wary about coming to the butts, and wouldn't

Lord Iveagh

face them, but broke out on both sides. There was an Englishman in one of the butts, and when the beaters arrived there, one of them loudly lamented the wrong way the birds had flown. "Och, 'twas a great pity, yer honour," said he to the Englishman; "but I'll tell ye what the matter was, it was all bekase yez was all too near apart."

I made a "bull" myself at a covert shoot at Rossmore. I was on one flank standing rather over and looking down on the line of beaters, when I saw there was a big gap. I roared out to the beater next me (who hadn't a beater near him) "Bob! Bob Farley!"

"Yes, me lord."

"Do you mean to tell me that there's nobody between you and the next man."

Bob's reply was inaudible.

Lord Iveagh came to Rossmore when he was Sir Edward Guinness and we were going to shoot four days in the week. On the first day old Hughie Cusker came up to me and said, pointing to Sir Edward, "What manner of man is that?"

Things I can Tell

“What d’ye mean?”

“Well, is he wrong in the head?”

“Look here,” said I, “this may interest you. He’s all right in pocket; but why do you ask?”

Said Hughie, “’Cos he came up to me just now and said, ‘Here’s the morning of the first day. Are you the head keeper and do you ever place the guns?’”

“‘I do sometimes,’ I says.”

“‘Well, whenever ye’re going to place me (here’s a sov. for ye) put me where nothing can possibly come near me.’”

I was naturally as mystified as old Hughie, until I ascertained the reason for Sir Edward’s strange request. He had developed a splitting headache which made him feel so downright ill that his only desire was to be completely out of action.

Each owner of Rossmore has successively improved the coverts, and I believe none better for showing high pheasants are to be found in the United Kingdom. One of the finest rises is from the hill above the mausoleum, and birds springing from this certainly tax the skill

A Woodcock Story

of the guns; another is the Yew Ride, where the guns stand between two rows of tall yews and get a very quick chance at birds flying high overhead.

Pheasant shooting will always continue to be first class in Ireland, for although many estates have been sold to the tenants, the demesnes have usually been retained, and brought to as near perfection as possible from a sporting point of view.

Woodcock frequent to a greater or less extent every Irish covert, so the cry of "Cock forrard!" is not so rare in Ireland as in England, and a very satisfactory bag is annually obtained on my estate. I remember hearing a woodcock story told by the son of a certain Irish peer who is one of the principal speakers in the House of Lords on Irish questions—especially those appertaining to land.

The youth was sitting next Percy La Touche in a club somewhere down in the south of Ireland, and he said to Percy, "I say, La Touche, did you ever get a double right and left at woodcock?"

Things I can Tell

“ I don’t grasp your meaning ! ” replied Percy. “ Do you mean a right and left with first gun, and a right and left with second immediately after ? ”

“ No,” said the young man, “ I meant *two* woodcock with the first barrel, and two woodcock with the second.”

“ No,” answered Percy, “ I never did,” in tones which implied, “ and no one else either.”

“ So I supposed,” said the other in a very supercilious way. “ *I’ve only done it myself twice.*”

Once when I was staying at Lord Iveagh’s for the shooting at Elveden, I happened to be next gun to the late King, and I saw an easy woodcock flying like an owl straight towards me in the open. I was on H.M.’s left, but I sprang to the right, “shooed” it on to the King, shouting as I did so, “ Woodcock, Sir ! ” and the King killed it.

I had glanced round before I “shooed” the bird to see if anyone was looking, and I quite thought that my action had been unobserved, but a friend came up to me when

The Two Hats

the beat was over and said, "Derry, old man, that about the woodcock was the smartest done thing I've ever seen."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "you don't say you saw it. On no account let the King know."

"Yes, I saw it all right," rejoined my friend, "and in my opinion many a man has been made a Duke for less."

I met General Strachey at Elveden; and I remember he was wearing a hat, yards round, which made him look uncommonly like a brigand. My hat, which hailed from Bond Street, was an unsatisfactory reproduction of my own idea, but I wore it notwithstanding its defects. Strachey looked at my headgear, and I critically quizzed his. Then he said, "Bai jove, I am not a wealthy man, but I would willingly give a thousand pounds to have the impertinent audacity to wear *that hat*."

When the Duke of Connaught went out to India, a number of people bought jodpores, which are the tight trousers worn by the Hindoos. I was seeing about some riding

Things I can Tell

breeches at Sandon's and I noticed a pair of jodpores lying on the table.

"What on all the earth are these?" I asked.

"They are jodpores, my lord."

"By jove," said I, "I'll have two pair made one in black buckskin, and the other in brown; the buckskin shall come from the foot to the middle of the thigh, and the tops shall be of cloth; I think they'll look awfully smart if they fit almost skin tight."

Sandon was a bit dubious about the success of the experiment, but when I came to try them on he declared they were quite right, and so I wore the black jodpores down at Elvedon.

Between the shooting of two coverts we were all standing clustered round the late King when he spied my black legs, and was most interested. "I'm glad to see, Rossmore," he observed, "that you Irish landlords are becoming more provident."

We looked at each other in amazement and wondered what His Majesty could possibly be driving at. Then I ventured, "Why, Sir?"

King Edward's Humour

"Because," replied the King, "I see that you are using up your old evening tr-rousers to make shooting leggings."

We all laughed, for my black jodpores might well have been cloth instead of skin, and the joke had a sequel years afterwards at Punchestown which serves to show what a wonderful memory King Edward possessed. I was standing in the narrow way which leads to the Royal part of the stand, when the King arrived, and made his way bowing and smiling up to his place. I had stepped to one side in order to let him have more room and I didn't think he noticed me. But I was wrong. His Majesty had seen me and he found time to remark as he passed, "Well, Rossmore, how are the evening tr-rousers?"

There was once a big shoot on an estate in Wales, and Royalty was expected, but as the owner didn't think he had enough pheasants to make a good show, he sent to a game farm for a couple of thousand birds, and intimated to all concerned that great secrecy was to be observed over the transaction. The pheasants

Things I can Tell

were delivered two stations away from the estate by the last train, and the consignment was met by the keepers, who took the birds away in hampers on trolleys to the covert side, where they were released. Men were stationed round at daybreak to keep the pheasants in, and later on the beat commenced.

The birds ran in front of the beaters in myriads, but not one of them attempted to fly, and closer inspection showed that they had all arrived with one wing brailed in order to prevent them getting knocked about in the baskets. The keepers had not observed this when they gave the birds their liberty, but it was forcibly brought to their notice when they were discharged after an unpleasant interview with their angry employer when the shoot was over.

CHAPTER XI

I go to South Africa: My servant Menelly: Why the maids gave notice: The *soi-disant* Lord Darnley: An audacious impostor: My fraudulent namesake: An awkward question: "Oh no, we never mention her": Race hatred: A begrudged loaf: We ask for bread and get a biscuit: Ikey Sonnenberg: Dinner at his house: "A nice game of cardths": Swalbacher: He resents my toasts: He is flung out: The second time of asking: Outside once more: Fallen among thieves: The black woman steals his ticker: "Thou shalt repay": "Thanks, I've got to meet a man": The true story of the drive over the precipice: Young Carson and the Dop: "Furrin' parts": A short stay in Australia: I have supper with Fred Leslie and Nellie Farren: A dog and a chop story

I WENT out to South Africa in 1876, with the object of shooting big game, and also to take my brother Dick away from England

Things I can Tell

for a time. Poor Dick never worked, and would never allow anyone else to, and as he wanted to go into the Army, and couldn't pass his examination he enlisted in the 4th Dragoon Guards, in order to get his commission through the ranks. I was not very broad-minded in those days, and my false pride urged me to put an end to what I considered an *infra dig.* position for a member of my family. I therefore persuaded Dick to let me buy him out of the Army, and as I had sent in my own papers, I suggested that he should come with me to Africa and have a couple of years' big game shooting. Peter was already in the diamond mines at Kimberley, and, as we should all be together, there were ten chances to one that we should have a very good time.

My soldier servant, Menelly, also came with me and he was a great character. He remained in my service for eight years, during which period he gave me notice dozens of times, until at last I took him at his word and made him keep to it. He went to my sister after leaving

Menelly

me, and one day her maid came to her and said "If you please, m'm, I am asked to tell you that all the women servants wish to leave."

My sister was startled out of her wits at the prospect of a domestic exodus, so she anxiously enquired the reason why.

"It's all owing to Mr. Menelly," snapped the maid viciously.

"Whatever has he done?"

"Well, m'm, he went into the housekeeper's room last night and said to her in his 'aughty manner, 'When Lord Rossmore and I were in the Guards, we two were the handsomest men that ever walked down Piccadilly, and all the women said so; they *was* women, and no mistake. But as for the crowd in this house, I wouldn't give a cuss for the lot.'"

I was foolish enough to take no letters of credit with me to South Africa, as I had the mistaken belief that my cheque would be honoured anywhere, but just before my arrival at Cape Town people had been victimised by a plausible scamp who posed as Lord Darnley,

Things I can Tell

and having been once bitten, they were a little suspicious of the credentials of any new arrival who called himself a lord.

On one of our shooting expeditions we came to a big Boer farm, where we camped out and there we made the acquaintance of the *soi-disant* Lord Darnley. I had noticed a rather seedy looking chap hanging around, and when we were cooking our supper, I hailed him, and invited him to share our meal. He was certainly very down on his luck, but after some brandy he became quite talkative, and seating himself beside me he opened the ball by saying in a confidential aside, "I say—tell me as a pal—who the 'ell are you *really*?"

I was furious and turned on him with "D——n your impertinence. Shut up," greatly to the delight of Peter and Dick, who were nearly speechless with laughter at the aitchless fellow's cheek.

"Oh come now, I say, draw it mild," he said in admiring accents. "That's jolly good"; then, regretfully, "I only wish I could have

“Lord Darnley”

done it like that, I'd have lasted longer—if only I could 'ave bluffed like you.”

By this time I was nearly boiling over with rage, and I literally danced about while my brothers were convulsed with merriment. The fellow watched me with real admiration, and then said :

“Oh, well, I won't arsk yer any more. I suppose ye're quite roight not to tell, I ought never to have told nobody. But as a return for ye're 'ospitality I'll give you this tip. When you *are* lagged” (at this my brothers roared louder than ever) “you try and get lagged near Cape Town. There's a blank fool of a doctor in the gaol there, I kidded the beggar as I was sick, and 'e gave me wine.”

I was just about to kick “Lord Darnley” out of sight, when he saved me the trouble by clearing off at express speed, and shortly afterwards when he was “lagged” at Kimberley for some misdemeanour, he had the audacity to speak of me in court as “my friend Rossmore.”

Talking of bogus peers reminds me that there was an impostor who posed as Lord

Things I can Tell

Rossmore in Rome, when Paget was Ambassador there. He used to go to the Embassy and "took in" several people, and it was only quite by accident that the fraud was discovered.

One day he and some Englishmen were talking together, and a newcomer remarked, "I say, Rossmore, I know that one of your sisters married Sugar Candy, but for the life of me I can't remember who your youngest sister married."

"Rossmore" eyed his questioner coldly, assumed a displeased air, and walked away. The men thought this queer, but they hit on every reason except the right one, which was that the impostor hadn't the least idea whom Nora had married until he consulted Burke. The next day "Rossmore" met one of the men, and said to him, "Look here, old chap, I daresay you thought I was funny yesterday."

"Well you did seem a bit upset," answered the other.

"I had good reason," replied "Rossmore," gravely. "I dislike to hear any mention of my younger sister's marriage. It was entirely

My Fraudulent Namesake

opposed to our wishes ; indeed, we took the affair so much to heart that we never mention her name." This was Ananias-ing with a vengeance, for Norah married one of the best fellows that ever walked, but it was certainly an ingenious way of wriggling out of a difficulty.

I remember meeting, about thirty-six years ago, when I was in South Africa, an extremely clever man whose name I have forgotten. He begged me to go with him to see the four Presidents, whom he knew intimately, and he declared then that the great South African problem would have to be faced, and that war was inevitable. The Boers loathed us at that time, and I remember my brothers and I had it once thoroughly brought home to us.

We had gone on a hunting expedition, in a bullock waggon, thirty or forty miles from Kimberley, and found ourselves in a part of the country entirely devoid of game. Our bread was mildewed, and we had completely run out of food, when we came upon an isolated Boer farm, where we asked the

Things I can Tell

owner (an Englishman) if he could sell us a loaf.

He seemed so averse to doing so that we took him to our waggon, and showed him the fragments of uneatable, mildewed stuff that remained.

"Sorry, I can't sell you a loaf," he said at last, "for if I do I must sell to everyone, and selling to one will turn my house into a winkel (a store). However, come up to the farm and be introduced to my wife and daughters; I've no doubt we can offer you some biscuits and wine as a stand-by."

We went with him, and if ever I saw intense dislike I saw it in the faces of the Dutch Frau and her girls, who couldn't speak a word of English. We partook of biscuits and sweet Constantia wine, and then cleared out, followed by our host, who looked thoroughly ashamed of himself and his women-folk. "Swear you won't say a word," he whispered, "but be outside the kraal at three o'clock."

I kept the appointment, and he turned up

Ikey Sonnenberg

with an enormous loaf of brown bread, and then made off as quickly as possible without saying a word.

A Jew called Ikey Sonnenberg was for many years about the best known character in South Africa, and he only died recently (I was sorry to hear) in very indifferent circumstances. I first met him in Kimberley, when he asked Peter and me to dine with him and "have a nice gameth of cardths afterwards." Peter knew all about Ikey and what a gambler he was, so he said to me: "Look here, Derry, you've accepted Ikey's invite, but I swear you shan't go unless you promise me not to play cards." I felt that my brother had his reasons for speaking so strongly, and I therefore promised I would follow his advice.

We all met at Ikey's place; the dinner was all right, but our host was very sparing with the wine. There were eight of us, and I was seated next a little Jew named Swalbacher, who seemed consumed with admiration for all that Sonnenberg said and did. It was a hot night and as I felt I required a good deal more champagne

Things I can Tell

to enable me to support the Oriental atmosphere of the room, I said, "Ikey, old man, I want to propose a toast." I raised my glass, and then quickly put it down: "By jove, what an idiot I am; however it doesn't matter—all our glasses seem empty."

Ikey's face lit up with an oily smile, for he naturally imagined that his health was going to be proposed, so he ordered two bottles of champagne at a guinea a bottle.

The first toast was *not* "Ikey Sonnenberg," but "The Queen," and Swalbacher's eyes looked angry. Said I, "I propose another toast—'The Prince of Wales,'" then came a third, "The Rest of the Royal Family," and Ikey had to order more and more champagne, for we toasted in bumpers.

"See, 'ere," cried my neighbour, "I conthider these toasths are simply robbin' my friendth Mr. Sonnenberg."

"How dare you, you little swine?" I asked; "apologise at once, or you'll go out of that window."

"I wonth apologise," he answered, so out he

Fallen among Thieves

went. The drop into the street was nothing to speak of, and Swalbacher picked himself up and returned in time to hear me propose "The Houses of Parliament, and the British Constitution," but when it came to "The Army and Navy," Swalbacher couldn't contain himself any longer. "You bally rhobber, to treat Mr. Sonnenberg like thith," he cried.

"Now I'm just about fed up with you," said I. "Apologise at once."

"I'm bothered if I do," replied he, displaying more pluck than I imagined he possessed.

"Then out you go again," I answered, and I promptly picked him up and dropped him into the street. As he landed outside poor Swalbacher literally fell among thieves, for he was pounced upon by a black woman who happened to be passing as he aeroplaned from the window, and without wasting a moment, she relieved him of his watch and chain.

This was the limit. Swalbacher entered the room spluttering with rage. "Lord Rothmore," he shouted, "not contenth with robbin' my friendth, you've made me lose my gold watch

Things I can Tell

and chain which cost me a hundredth guineaths—you musth repayth me.” Then the little man hung up his harp and nearly wept as he thought of his troubles.

“Come now, gentlemen,” interposed Ikey trying to look pleasant, “let’s have a niceth little game of cardths.”

Just then Peter “chipped” in with, “I say, Derry, have you forgotten that you’ve to meet that man from Du Toitspan, and you’re already twenty minutes late.” I took Peter’s cue, and we hastily got up from the table, made our excuses to Ikey and left him to have the “niceth game of cardths,” with those who were fools enough to play—and pay.

One of my South African exploits was brought back to my recollection at Hurst Park Races, when Joe Davis (“’Ansome Joe”) said to me in the course of conversation, “I was down in the City yesterday, and I met a co-religionist who knew you out in the Diamond Fields and described you as the mad Irish lord who drove the pair over the precipice. Is there any truth in it?”

Over the Precipice

“ I know to what he’s alluding,” I answered, “ but there was no precipice. This is the yarn.

I was in the habit of hiring a Cape cart and pair from a fellow known as “ Charley ” and one evening I went over from Du Toitspan to dine at Kimberley. While I was at dinner Charley got very intoxicated, and when I was ready to depart, I found him fast asleep. A man named Paddy Rolleston was with me and I had promised to give him a lift. His home was a Dutch mud house, situated a short way off the main track between Kimberley and Du Toitspan. We stowed the slumbering Charley away at the back of the cart, and as I drove off, a thud behind intimated that he had fallen out, but I didn’t worry, and only remarked, “ The beggar’s gone.”

Paddy, however, was rather perturbed, and said crossly : “ Yes, it’s all very well for you, but how on earth am I to get indoors ? my head is all right, but my legs have gone ! ” I told him I’d help him, so when we reached the mud house, I got down and “ hoicked ” out

Things I can Tell

Paddy, who crawled cautiously to the door on his hands and knees. It was a moderately moonlight night, and as Peter had often told me about a short cut which existed through Bulfontein Mine, I determined to try to find it, so I drove down a track which was not unlike an Irish bog road, but discovered that the road came suddenly to an end. The accumulated refuse had made a sort of precipitous hill on the far side, and there was just room to turn the cart on the washing-up place. I felt "done" and after trying several times without success to find the right cut, I determined to drive over the far side.

I remember nothing more about my investigations until I found myself at the bottom of the hill, with the two horses lying on their backs with their hoofs to heaven. As I never could grasp the intricacies of the raw hide Cape harness, I left them as they had fallen and went off in search of help. I got back to the Carnarvon Hotel, woke up Peter, who was not in the best of tempers, and told him what had happened to me and the cart.

Lost

"Will you come and help me with the horses?" I asked.

"You go to bed," he answered crossly, for he knew I'd been dining with a thirsty crew.

"I'll take my oath it's true," I said, for I saw he thought I was getting at him.

"For heaven's sake, Derry, go to bed," he replied.

In despair I roused Menelly, who, as he also knew where I had been dining, said, "Och for heaven's sake get to bed, me lord!" However, I at last convinced him that I was speaking the truth; we routed Peter out, and the three of us walked to the hill, where, sure enough, we found the horses and the cart. Menelly re-harnessed them, and I decided to drive on to Alexandersfontein across the veldt. "I'll strike the track, and get to "Mither's" (meaning Mrs. Bisset, who kept a small hotel), said I.

Well, I couldn't find the track to "Mither's," and I got lost in the ant-heaps by way of a change. I was about dead beat, but it was too

Things I can Tell

cold for sleep, and as I was sorry for the horses, I tied the reins and lashed them up, thinking that the knowing brutes would go straight home. I did this, but after a time I thought the sound of galloping seemed rather prolonged. I followed it and to my surprise I discovered the horses running in a ring, for the simple reason that one rein was shorter than the other.

That *was* a night, and I was heartily glad when I heard the distant cocks crowing at Du Toitspan, and was able to size up where I was. I made for my hotel and after a good sleep I went in search of Charley, whom I found very chippy and in a revengeful frame of mind. We drove out on the Alexandersfontein track, but when we got to the ant-heaps, the horses and cart had clean gone. "Stolen," said Charley angrily.

"Nonsense," I replied, "they are not stolen," and I was right ; they had merely migrated to another dip, where we found them, and Charley, still chippy and revengeful, returned with them to Du Toitspan.

Young Carson

"So you know the truth now about the precipice yarn," I told 'Ansome Joe.

Rhodes' manager, Grimmer, used to tell a not unamusing story about Sir Edward Carson's son, who had been sent out to Rhodesia to see how he liked life in South Africa. Grimmer had been showing the young fellow round, and at one place he offered him a glass of dop, saying as he did so, "Now tell me what you think of it."

Young Carson slowly drank off the dop; then put down his glass and turned to Grimmer: "*Think* of it," said he. "Well, I always thought father had behaved pretty badly in shunting me out here, but now I've a good mind to have my revenge and send him a whole bottle of this dop."

We were out in South Africa for a year, but we did not get to the big game on account of the tsetse-fly country. Dick got sick of the life and went off without telling us anything about it, and, on his return to England, he re-enlisted in the very same regiment, the 4th Dragoon Guards, out of which I had

Things I can Tell

bought him. Peter returned home with me. We had done everything there was to do that appeals to young men on pleasure bent; we saw the sights, investigated the mines, and I nearly bought for a song the Jagersfontein mine, which was offered to me, but I foolishly let the chance go by. I do not think that I have much more to relate regarding my South African experiences and as this book of mine only deals with the lighter side of life, I shall refrain from expressing any opinions on the politics and finance which are such paramount factors in the South Africa of to-day.

As this chapter deals with "furrin parts," I should like to touch on my visit to Australia in 1891.

I went out at the invitation of Lord Hopetoun, afterwards Marquess of Linlithgow, who married my cousin, Hersey Eveleigh-de-Moleyns, and I must say I found everyone most kind and hospitable. I stayed at Victoria for a few months, during which period I first

Dog and a Chop

saw Sarah Bernhardt act, and also renewed my acquaintance with dear little Nellie Farren and the inimitable Fred Leslie. We all dined together after their "show" at the little French club and Fred told me one of his best stories that evening about two men who had been at an exceedingly lively dinner, and who encountered each other in St. James's Street the following morning. Both felt very, very cheap, but each thought it his bounden duty to endeavour to appear very chirpy.

"Mornin', old chap" said one.

"Mornin'," replied his friend.

"Awfully jolly time last night!"

"Ra—a—ther."

"Had any breakfast?" asked the first speaker.

"Of course I have," answered the other.

"What did you have?"

"Oh, the usual thing—a chop."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the first diner-out. "Anything else?" he ventured after a long pause.

"Yes. A brandy and soda—and a dog."

Things I can Tell

“A dog!!” exclaimed the astonished questioner nearly jumping sky high. “What on all the earth did you want with a dog?”

“Why to *eat the chop*, you d——d fool,” replied his friend as he hastily made a bee-line for White’s.

CHAPTER XII

A Home Rule story: The Roslea incident: The late Duke of Manchester: The two Mr. Duffys: Monaghan stories: A lecture on ornithology: "The soft impeachment": The wrong roll of notes: The revolving carpet: A fishy tale: The potheen industry: The land agent's ruse: How I brought the potheen to Rossmore: Black Peter's brew: Dublin Castle: A sleepy Duke: Quick dinners with the Londonderrys: "Erly" Clonmell: The brocaded seat: The Cadogans: Pompous Pogson: The late Lady Cadogan's charm: "Does your master's horse prefer Irish or Scotch?": Lady Annesley and the cabman: Madame Melba: The last record: Milestones: An Irishman's memories

THE subject of Home Rule always reminds me of the day when old Gladstone sat down and Mrs. Gladstone made a speech on the hustings. Said she, addressing the throng, "My friends, I found it very hard to convince my dear husband about the claims of Ireland for Home Rule, but one day when

Things I can Tell

he came into the breakfast room he remarked to me, 'My dear wife, you've overpersuaded me about that down-trodden country. You have at last converted me in favour of Home Rule.'

"I got up from my chair, put my arms round his neck and gave him a loving wifely kiss." She paused to see what effect her words had produced and an irrepressible Irishman from Belfast called out, "And it sarved the owld beggar perfectly right."

The only occasion when I have ever loomed largely in the public eye was in connection with an affair which was known as "The Roslea Incident." In 1882 I was told that the agitators intended to invade our neighbourhood (those were the days of the Phoenix Park murders) and hold a meeting at Roslea, a village which stands on the confines of Monaghan and Fermanagh.

At that time I was County Grand Master of the loyal Orangemen of Monaghan, a position I had occupied for many years. I therefore held a small influential meeting when it was

Lord Crichton

determined to hold a counter-demonstration at the same hour and on the same day that the Nationalist meeting was to take place.

I accordingly had the whole country placarded, calling upon all loyalists to assemble at Clones, two miles or so from Roslea. I slept the night before the meeting at Clones, and the following day I found myself at the head of a most respectable, determined-looking body of men numbering more than two thousand. The Fermanagh men began pouring in by road and rail, and when all were assembled, we invited them as visitors to our county to have the privilege of leading the way. This they were pleased to acknowledge as a very nice compliment for which they expressed their thanks, and we accordingly took the road.

Lord Crichton (the present Earl of Erne) was in command of the Fermanagh men, and he was met at some cross-roads by a sub-inspector of constabulary who persuaded him to take the by-way to the right, and not to continue on the straight road to Roslea, thereby adding a couple of miles to the journey.

Things I can Tell

When I arrived at the head of the Monaghan contingent I was also asked to follow Lord Crichton's example, and I at once asked the sub-inspector very quietly: "Have you any real right to prevent my friends and myself from walking peaceably along the Queen's highway?"

"Well," he replied, "I honestly don't think that I have."

My men were calling on me to proceed, so I knew full well that there was only one thing to be done. I turned to the police officer and asked him to take his constables to one side, which he did, and we marched on in the direction of a long hill from the summit of which we could see the Nationalist meeting down in the valley adjoining the high road to Roslea.

Captain McTernon, a R.C. resident magistrate, next accosted me in a very impertinent manner.

"Who are you? What are you doing here? What is your name?" and then, without giving me time to reply to his questions, he said

The Roslea Incident

offensively, "Return by the way you came, or I'll arrest you." The man was quite insufferable, but as he is dead, I will refrain from stating how insufferable he actually was, and I shall merely, in justice to myself, record that the reports which he subsequently sent to the Radical Government were a complete tissue of lies.

When Captain McTernon stopped to get his breath, I said to him, "I presume you are the Resident Magistrate?"

"I am," he replied, "and you and your friends must go round the other road if you wish to reach Roslea."

"I am sorry to say that I cannot do as you wish," I answered.

He was furious. "Why not?"

"Because," said I, "my men have made up their minds to go straight on."

McTernon glared at me. "If you attempt it, I'll arrest you," he cried.

"Then," I announced, "I invite you to arrest me at once, and on you and you alone will rest the blame of having transformed this

Things I can Tell

orderly body of men into a leaderless mob. Arrest me if you choose and take the consequences ; otherwise allow us to pass, for my men will wait no longer."

There was a roaring torrent of a small swollen river at the other side of the field where the land-leaguers were assembled, and once my men were over the bridge the two bodies were separated for the day, as the bridge could easily have been held by a very few men. McTernon was blind to this obvious fact, which anyone could have appreciated who possessed one grain of sense, and at last in desperation he said to me, "If I allow you to proceed, will you take all the blame on your shoulders?"

"Yes, I will," I answered.

"One thing more," he added, "will you take your men back the other road?"

"I can't quite promise to do that," I said ; "but look here, I'll do my best to persuade them to return that way."

I told the men at the front of the column what I had settled with the Resident Magistrate and ordered them to stand still. I then went

The Counter-demonstration

back to warn the masters of the various lodges that if a blow were struck, or an illegal action done, they must at once report the same to me, and I would have the aggressor turned out of the Orange Society.

It was a long tramp to do the whole length of the column, and pretty bad going, as the roadside was full of scrapings and dirt, but I managed it in a short time and returned to lead my men to Roslea.

There was only a hedge and a ditch between the two bodies of demonstrators, but not a blow was struck, a shot fired, or a missile thrown. The only things which flew about were a few harmless compliments which added greatly to the gaiety of the proceedings. We held our counter-demonstration where it had been advertised ; loyal speeches were made, and then we re-formed our lodges, and prepared to return, having done, in a most satisfactory way, all that we had set out to do.

I was privately informed that the men seemed to expect to go back by the road they had come, and that they would look upon a

Things I can Tell

detour as something of a defeat ; so I made a speech, and told them that I had promised the Resident Magistrate to do so in return for having allowed us to continue our march straight into Roslea.

Some of them were disinclined to give in, so I shouted as loudly as I could, " If you insist on disobeying my orders, and try to go back over that bridge *YOU SHALL ONLY DO SO OVER MY BODY.*" This settled it, and we returned by the other road.

No further notice would have been taken of the meetings at Roslea if I had not considered it my duty to write to all the principal English newspapers to warn their readers what was going on in Ulster, and stated that it would mean bloodshed one day. The Government promptly retaliated by taking my name off the list of magistrates for the County of Monaghan, an action which caused a terrible uproar among the loyalists.

When the Conservative Government came back to power, I was replaced on the county bench of magistrates, but it was done in a very

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A Politician's Memory

hole and corner fashion, as the following circumstances will show.

A certain lady, who lives in South Audley Street, was talking to a well known Tory Cabinet Minister, and she said scornfully, "You politicians seem to have very short memories."

"How's that, my dear lady?"

"Well, after all the fuss you made about the disgraceful dismissal of Lord Rossmore from the bench of magistrates, you have never taken the trouble to reinstate him."

"Upon my word," exclaimed the Minister, "I'd forgotten all about it."

However, I received later a letter from the lord-lieutenant of the County saying he had had an intimation to offer me the commission of the peace, but that it was hoped there would be no publicity made about it. If I had only had myself to think about, I would have refused the offer, but as the insult had been levelled at all loyalists through me, I felt it my duty to accept it.

I therefore wrote to Lord Dartrey, thanking

Things I can Tell

him for his letter, and for any trouble he had been put to, but I added that although I was willing to be reinstated, I could not thank the Government for their very tardy act of justice.

I was the "man of the moment" at the time of the Roslea incident, and there was a debate in the House of Lords, when Spencer, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, threatened to resign if his brother peers passed an adverse vote on his action towards me. I was depicted in *Punch* as a pig being pulled by the ear by Lord Spencer, and if the humorous weekly which was then run by a little band of punsters, could have known beforehand what Spencer would presently say, it would hardly have given me the chance of making the obvious remark that the Lord-Lieutenant seemed to have "the wrong sow by the ear." The Eastern question came on the *tapis* soon afterwards, and, thank goodness, public opinion and *Punch* left me alone.

I was given a banquet at the Rotunda in Dublin, and an enormous meeting was held in

The Duke of Manchester

the Ulster Hall, Belfast. I shall never forget that railway journey to Belfast. Mr. Gladstone used to make political speeches occasionally out of the train when he was travelling, but I had to speechify at every station on my way to Belfast ; luckily both my hearers and I were thoroughly up in the one and only subject ; but no, sirs, I never want to be the man of the moment again.

I met the late Duke of Manchester when I was coming over from England shortly after the Roslea incident. I was in the black books of my opponents ; indeed some of them would like to have shot me, and the Duke, who knew of the danger I was in, got into my carriage at Amiens Street station. "Have you a revolver?" he asked without any preamble, and when I said "No," he handed me one, and said, "Now, Derry, I'm coming back to Rossmore with you."

My 'bus met me two stations from Monaghan, and the Duke and I sat on the top of it, and watched the hedges all the way to the Castle.

Things I can Tell

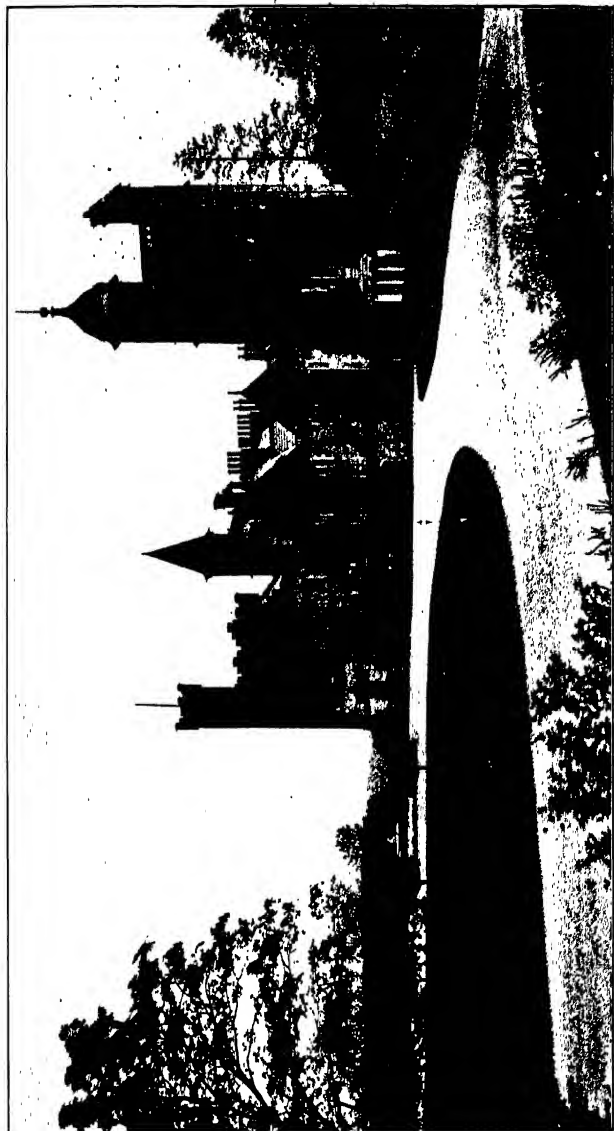
Those were the bad times in Ireland when the Nationalists wouldn't look at the side of a street if a landlord happened to be there ; but as an instance of the genuine loyalty felt by the people to the county families, I must mention a rather amusing thing which happened about this time.

Everybody knew how I loved a joke, and an incident occurred at a meeting of the Monaghan town commissioners which so tickled the people present that it was resolved to put political differences on one side and tell me the story of the two Mr. Duffys.

One of the Monaghan councillors had died and after the vote of condolence was passed, standing, a man named Peter Tierney got up and stated that it was his sad duty to be obliged to recommend a successor to the deceased gentleman. " I know none better than Mr. Duffy, of Dublin Street," he said.

A butter buyer, who was aware of Peter's peppery propensities, remarked gently : " I don't want to interrupt Mr. Tierney, but I'd like to know to which of the two

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Rossmore Castle.

The Two Mr. Duffys

Mr. Duffys living in Dublin Street he refers."

Peter grew purple in the face and called out to the chairman to use his authority and demand an explanation of the insult, as he termed it. The chairman was politely explanatory, but Peter would not listen to reason. "There's no excuse for his impertinence," he bellowed, "he knows as well as I do, and as you do, who I mean. It's the Mr. Duffy who lives exactly opposite the *other* one."

There is a great deal of humour in Monaghan: I remember a man came there to deliver a lecture on ornithology, but everyone was so kind to him, and bucked him up so thoroughly, that when the hour for the lecture arrived he was more than half seas over. He stood on the platform, but never a word said he, and the audience, who were most anxious to be enlightened upon the subject of birds and their habits, began to grow somewhat impatient.

"What about the birds?" they cried encouragingly. This nettled the lecturer, and in

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thick tones he replied, "Oh, I know a lot about them."

"Well, begin," called the crowd.

The ornithologist, whose memory had taken wings, turned a bleary eye on his interrupters, endeavoured without success to find some notes, and then remarked as he drained off a glass of water : "Of all the birds that fly in the air, I hates the frog the worst."

Once when I was on the bench as magistrate at Monaghan, a little threadbare old man wearing a battered silk hat was brought up charged with painting the town red. He looked so meek and mild that I could hardly believe he had bitten and kicked the police and then tried to burn the place down. The constables all bore marked traces of the night's doings, and I asked the little man what reply he had to make. He stood with folded arms, and then said very gently : "Well, your worship, I'm afraid I must plead guilty to the soft impeachment."

Another time an old offender was asked : "You here again?"

Monaghan Stories

“ Yes, your honour.”

“ What’s brought you here ? ”

“ Two policemen, your honour.”

“ Come, come, I know *that*—drunk again, I suppose ? ”

“ Yes, your honour, both of them.”

A man who had four pounds rent to pay once came to my agent and offered two pounds on account, saying that he couldn’t pay more without selling his crops, which were growing into money. My agent was quite willing to meet him, and the man thereupon handed him two notes, which upon examination proved to be five pound notes instead of one pound notes. This was pointed out to the tenant, who was asked why he had lied in such a barefaced manner about his financial position.

“ Ach, sure, the Saints forbid. I’ve just given ye the wrong roll of notes,” he lamented.

A bailiff was put into a house near Monaghan, and the owner left him in the dining room with a bottle of whisky while he went out to try to “ raise the wind.”

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When he returned the bailiff had vanished, and so had the whisky, and on going to the sheriff's office to discharge the debt, the householder inquired what had become of his visitor.

The sheriff smiled, and showed him the bailiff's sheet, which was marked, "House empty. Nothing to take, except a revolving carpet in the dining-room which I was unable to seize."

Another Monaghan man was asserting how awfully particular he was about having fresh fish at breakfast. Said he, "It must be the very freshest fish, or I'll have none of it."

"How can you tell whether it is all right," asked a friend.

"Well, I have a very clever dog who is also fond of fresh fish, and often (if I'm suspicious) I give him a bit. If the baste ates it, I ate it, but if he rolls in it, I utterly discard it."

I feel I must say something about the potheen industry, to which Lloyd George's whisky tax has given a wonderful impetus, and it is greatly to be deplored. The effect of potheen on a man is totally different from that of ordinary

Potheen

whisky ; indeed it can best be described by a well-known Galway saying that "it would make a Sunday school teacher walk twenty miles through four feet of snow to kill his mother."

Paddy carries on illicit spirit making in such secluded places, and has so many sentries, that the police find it exceedingly difficult to detect him at work. The most homely appliances are successfully used, and the still often consists of a three-legged pot with a wooden lid, the "worm" being immersed in a paraffin barrel of water.

Police surveillance is so close that the men fear to make the potheen with malt in the old-fashioned way, because the scent of the mash would be carried a mile over the mountain, and in that would lie their greatest risk of detection. To avoid this they now distil potheen from a mixture of sugar and water which produces the vilest of poisons, indeed, if it is dropped on a woollen fabric it immediately acts as a corrosive.

A land agent out driving one day was given

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a gallon of potheen by one of his tenants whom he thought his inveterate enemy. He accepted it willingly enough, glad of the turn affairs had apparently taken, but he soon discovered that a clever trap had been laid for him.

On driving through the next town he saw the police busily engaged in searching every car for illicit spirit, and he was at his wits' end what to do. It was impossible to throw the jar of potheen into the street, but suddenly he had a happy thought. He drove to the police station, called the sergeant and said, "I've been collecting rents all day, and the money is in the well of the car. Will you let one of your men sit on it while I do some shopping?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the officer. The agent's shopping barely detained him five minutes, and when he returned he gave the policeman a shilling, drove off with the potheen intact, and had the glorious satisfaction of knowing he had bested his enemy.

In my young days, when I was staying with Lord Conyngham, I knew I could always get a keg of the best stuff going up there, and as I

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Whisky on the Platform

wanted to take some to Rossmore, the estate carpenter packed me up a keg and a jar of potheen in a strong deal case which was most securely fastened down.

I started for home, but at Omagh, where there was a change and an hour's wait, the station-master came up to where I was sitting with Sugar Candy and Freddy De Moleyns and said rather coldly, "There's been a big wooden case dropped which I think belongs to one of you gentlemen. I don't want to know which, but you'd better see about it."

I rushed out of the waiting room, and found the platform deluged with whisky, which was flowing over on the lines, and the corner boys, who usually attend Irish stations, were sniffing it like a pack of hounds and yelling, "Yah, but that's the beautiful stuff that never saw or troubled the gauger."

I went back to the station-master, and asked him privately what I'd better do. "Get into the first train coming in, and get away, no matter where," said he. I thought this a bright idea; I hopped into the next train and

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said as I passed him at the end of the platform, "Where have you put it?"

"In the luggage van, goin' along with ye—for I won't keep it here," he replied.

I had to change again, worse luck, and that case was hauled out smelling so strongly that it was a drink cure in itself. On the platform I ran up against a police officer named Kelly who had been quartered years before at Monaghan, and when I had told him who I was (he didn't recognise me at first) I broached the subject of the potheen to him, for I knew Kelly to be a real good sort.

"Lave it here for a time, me lord, wid the old lady who kapes the refreshment room," he advised.

"No ye *don't*, Kelly," I said. "I'm sure you're quartered here, and not much of it I'd ever see again."

He pretended to be cross, but eventually I settled the question by telegraphing home for a car to meet me two stations away from Monaghan, where I thought the police might be on the look out, and in this simple way I

Black Peter's Brew

managed to reach Rossmore with the potheen undetected.

When I was in Donegal shooting with Lord Conyngham, we were out on a hill "watched" by a fellow called Black Peter. I was jumping from tussock to tussock, when suddenly the one on which I alighted gave forth a metallic t-ing-g-g.

I looked at Black Peter. "D'ye make it well up here?" I asked.

His face was perfectly blank. "I don't know what ye mane. Do we make what?"

Said I, "D'ye take me for a cod or for an Englishman?"

"Well, now," replied Peter, "I wouldn't take ye for that, but for all that, I don't know what ye mane."

I turned to him. "Ah, I know what it is. Ye'd a rotten bad brew last time, and ye're ashamed of it."

"That's a lie," roared Black Peter, "and when ye come down to my house I'll give ye a half one, and ye'll see what it is like."

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“There,” said I, “didn’t I tell ye, ye made it up here.”

“Oh, bad luck to ye,” cried Peter. “The divil wouldn’t be up to ye.”

Another time when I was shooting with a Resident Magistrate in County Donegal, he put his flask down and came away without it. He sent a beater back to get it, and the man handed back the empty flask to the Resident Magistrate with the remark that it was the finest “dhrop of the rale potheen he’d ever tasted.”

My recollections of Dublin Castle are exceedingly pleasant ones. The first Lord-Lieutenant I ever stayed with was the Duke of Marlborough, grandfather of the present peer. I was rather shy, for it was my first entrance into Viceregal “succles,” and I well remember that I took Lady Randolph Churchill in to dinner the first night. She wore a wonderful orange gown, and she was a most beautiful creature; no wonder that all the men in Ireland were madly in love with her.

The Duke of Marlborough had a funny habit of dropping off to sleep during dinner,

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The Duke Sleeps

and I recollect how odd it seemed, but the old gentleman couldn't help it, and so nobody took any notice of his slumberous propensity, except to wake him up when it was necessary.

The next Lord-Lieutenant who asked me to the Castle was Londonderry. I was married then, and Lady Rossmore and I had some very pleasant times, for the Londonderrys made things much gayer than the Marlboroughs.

Lord Londonderry had a regular craze for getting through dinner in as short a time as possible, and as it was his understood wish, his excellent servants handed round the dishes so quickly, and took away one's plate in such a hurry, that I got absolutely left, on one occasion, and had little or nothing to eat.

I remember once seeing Londonderry pull out his watch at the end of a really big dinner, and then he called out to his wife with much seeming satisfaction, "I say, Nellie, only twenty-five minutes."

Lord Londonderry was, and is, an excellent *raconteur*, and there is nobody I'd sooner hear

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tell a real good story than my old friend C. There is no doubt that he and his beautiful wife did their vice-royalty business very well indeed, and better than it had ever been done up to then.

The Zetlands came next, and nicer royal representatives could scarcely be imagined, although everyone was rather astonished at "Joey" Zetland caring to take it, but he did, and liked it too.

During their reign dear old "Erly" Clonmell and I were often together at the Castle, and on one occasion a conjurer performed after dinner. "Erly" was rather sleepy and I judged it advisable to put him a wee bit out of the way, so I placed him on a chair next the wall, where he was hidden by a palm. "Erly" slept rather noisily, but all went well until the conjurer produced a live old hen from out of a hat; he squeezed the bird and to show that she was quite alive she squawked loudly, with the result that the noise woke up Clonmell.

He was rather dazed, and didn't quite grasp

Lord Clonmell

where he was for a few seconds. Then he shouted, quite forgetting the distinguished audience, "I say, Derry, where the deuce did he get that d——d old hen?"

Poor "Erly"! He was his own worst enemy. One night at Dublin Castle, when he had indulged a little too freely, he went into the ballroom and sat down heavily on a stout dowager's brocaded satin lap which in his muddled condition he had mistaken for an armchair.

The dow was furious, and no wonder. "Get up, Lord Clonmell; you're drunk," she cried.

He looked round. "I'll take my oath I'm not, I'm only tired, very tired," and he settled himself down again.

Clonmell died when I was in Australia; everyone loved him, from the late King downwards, and if he had not been so indiscreet in his manner of living, he would have been here to-day, bar accidents.

We were all sorry when the Zetlands left Dublin and when I heard that Cadogan was to be the next Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland I

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was honestly astonished, as I thought that being so ultra-English the Cadogans would never understand the Irish at all, at all! Goodness! how wrong I was! Lady Cadogan was the acme of perfection in tact and kindness, and it was a pleasure to see her after a big dinner at Vice-Regal Lodge slipping in and out among the Dublin people with a nice word here and a nice word there, not a be-diamonded figure-head, but a genial, gracious, great lady of the best type. Her death has removed a fine personality, the more to be lamented because women of her nobility of character are rare.

The last time I ever rode to foxhounds was with the Vice-Regal party when Lady Cadogan was present. We went by train to Maynooth, and I got a nasty fall, for I landed over a broad place (I think there must have been wire in the whins), and when I came to I was lying on the ground. At last I managed to sit up, and I heard myself saying, "There's my whip, there's my cigarette case; but I know I had something else when I came out

Lady Cadogan

this morning. I must have lost it. What could it have been? Oh yes—I know—of course, I had a horse!”

My mind wandered a bit that evening, and Lady Cadogan, like the dear woman she was, looked after me during dinner and made me go to bed afterwards. She told me that I had amused her very much by suddenly asking, “How many children have you?” and when she told me, I said, “You are a perfectly absurd woman; how on earth do you do all that you undertake? You look after everybody, you look into everything, and yet you tell me you have found time to have eight children.”

The next morning I met the Cadogan’s major domo, a man called Pogson, who was a great friend of mine. Said I, “Well, Pogson, how are the horses we rode yesterday?”

Pogson was a nice old chap, but just a wee bit pompous. “I haven’t heard anything about your lordship’s horse being any the worse for the fall he gave you yesterday,” he answered in

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his dignified way, "but one of the gentlemen's grooms came to me just now and said, 'Pogson, I'd be much obliged if you would give me a bottle of whisky, as my master's horse seems a bit dicky after yesterday.' 'Oh,' says I, 'and does your master's horse prefer Irish or Scotch?'"

Priscilla Lady Annesley was one of the most noted Irish beauties, and small wonder if her head was a little turned with the admiration she excited. I met her at the Kilmoreys', and she told me an amusing story about herself and a cabman.

"I was living with my mother in Merrion Square, Dublin," she said, "and I wanted to do a regular morning's shopping, so as it was a shocking day, sleeting, snowing, and blowing, I chartered an old growler and went out for some hours.

"When I got home, I noticed that the cabman's face was blue with cold, so I said, 'My poor man, you *do* look cold.'

"'Well, upon my sowl, I am that cowl I can scarcely tell the thruth,' he replied.

Lady Annesley's Story

“‘Would you like a little hot whisky and water?’ I inquired.

“His face lit up with a broad smile : ‘Bless your pretty face, miss!’

“I fetched the whisky, which he drank, and then he rubbed his chest with satisfaction.

“‘Do you feel better now?’ I asked.

“‘Indeed I do, miss ; I feel quite another man,’ and as I was going up the steps with the empty glass, he called after me, with an apologetic cough. ‘D’ye know, miss, the *other* man could do with a glass too.’”

“I shan’t insult you by asking whether the other man got the glass,” said I.

“No, you needn’t,” replied Lady Annesley.

One of my dearest friends, Nellie Melba, came over to stay with the Cadogans while we were there. I had first met her at Alfred de Rothschild’s one night at dinner. Alfred said to me on my arrival, “I’m afraid I have no lady for you to take into dinner, but I’ve put you next Madame Melba ; have you met her?”

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"No," said I, "but I knew her husband's brother, Dr. George Armstrong, very well; do you think there'd be any harm in my mentioning him? I know he was awfully fond of her, and she might like to hear what I know about his sad death."

"Better not," said Alfred, but when I found out what a dear Nellie Melba was, I told her about poor George, and I was very glad I did so.

Madame Melba and I became great friends, and when she was staying with the Cadogans I met her one day going out to the hall door where a brougham was waiting. "Hullo, Nellie, where are you off to?" said I.

"I'm going to see George Armstrong's sister who lives down near Kingstown," she answered.

"Shall I come with you?" I asked.

"Do you really mean you will come?"

"Of course I do," said I, and so we went down together and it is nice to remember the

Madame Melba

pleasure which Nellie Melba's visit gave. I tell this merely to show what a kind-hearted woman she is and how people misjudge her when they call her "sidey."

I find that this Melba record is the last of my own records of any importance, and that I have now told most of the things which I set out to narrate. I have lived an amusing life, but a happy one notwithstanding. I am fortunate in possessing a charming wife, and the best children in the world. I have many friends, and I hope few enemies; and if I haven't done much good in the world, at any rate I do not think I have done much harm.

Every year I miss some of the old familiar faces, and life's lessening milestones are forcibly brought before me. I can only hope that the things I have told about my friends will not offend them or theirs, and that the public will derive some amusement in reading this *olla podrida* of an Irishman's memories. I have seen and heard many things, and although my

Things I can Tell

advice may not be worth having, I should like to say to the young man with his career before him: Fear God and obey the laws of your country, but never become a prig or a humbug.

